Marilyn Monroe, Etc. —*Stanley Kauffmann*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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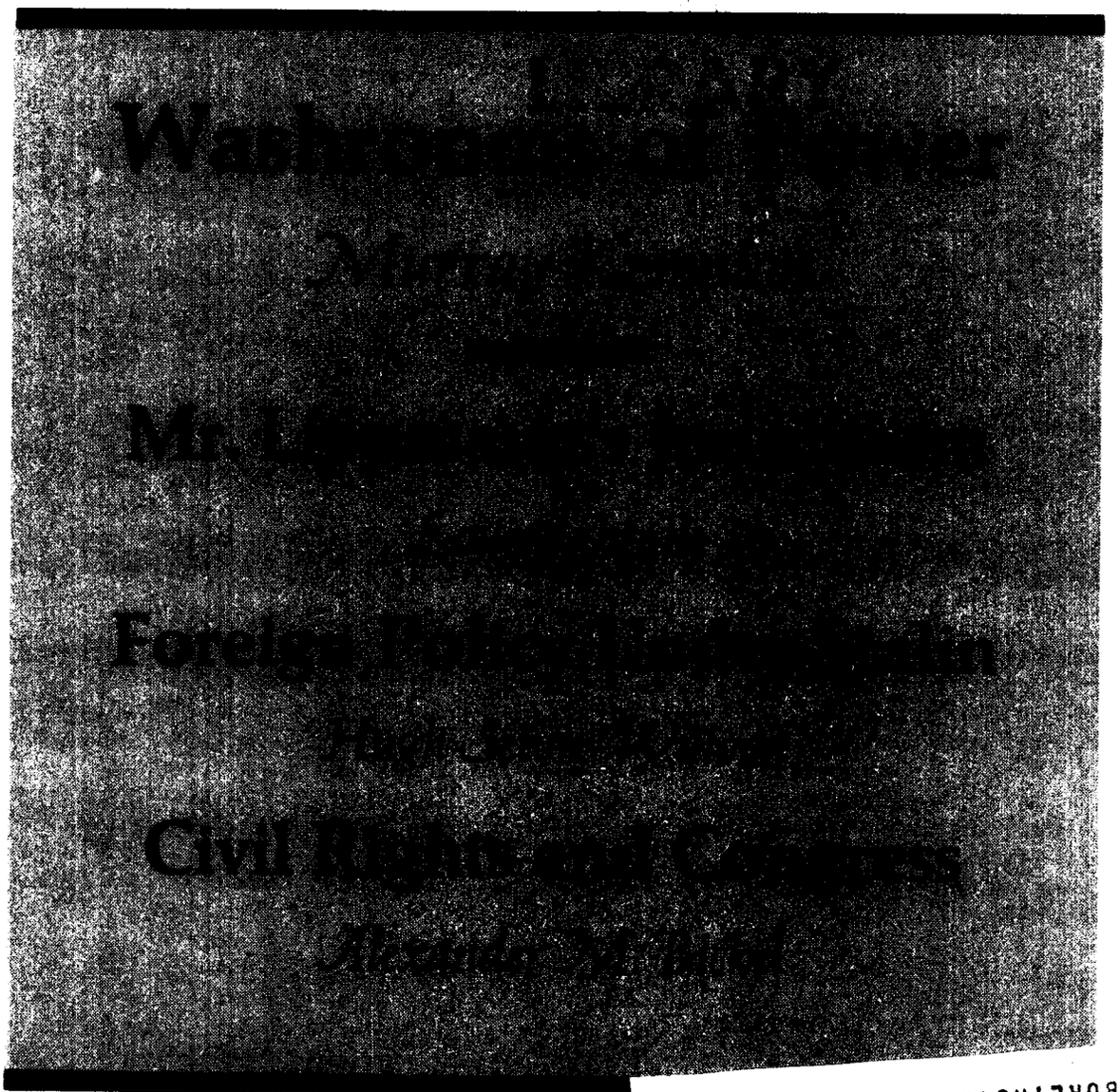

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T.R.B. *from Miami*

Dodging the Sun

★ The hotel room has a stunning view of the sea. Below is the amethyst swimming pool with ocean beyond. Pool and ocean are tepid. Striped hotel umbrellas and feather duster palms, whose fronds sound like Venetian blinds, look like a postcard from Florida and you pinch yourself and remember this is Florida. You have come here hopefully to escape the Congressional dance on flypaper, and to watch the annual Governors' Conference.

Miami summer rates are cheap, and the pool below shows the result; it also reveals the Affluent Society – everybody could lose 20 pounds. There are some eyestoppers in the water; others that would decide a Casanova to abandon sex.

It is hotter, more debilitating, than Washington. Everybody dodges the sun save for quick, precise trips into the pool and back, like the first rocketmen examining the Moon. Visitors lay trails between hotels; by ducking into the corner drugstore you get an air-conditioned shopping tunnel all the way to the convention hall. Moles plan that way, too. At night the air conditioner hums; reality is sealed out.

Back in Washington Congress sticks deeper in its flypaper. It is all input; no output. The tax bill put welfare legislation aside; civil rights delayed tax cuts; the rail crisis delayed civil rights, and probably the test ban treaty will be along soon. Well, let's not worry. The inadequacy of Congress is probably the most dangerous single thing in America, but if you worry about it you are considered eccentric.

Maybe the governors will give a lead in fast action. Reporters arrive hopefully, establish their pattern, find headquarters, Western Union, the men's room, and where the *NYTimes* is sold, and turn to the agenda. The Governors' Conference is an amorphous body, neither quite legislative nor social club. Last year at Hershey, Penna., it ended ignobly with a Southern civil rights filibuster. This year Rockefeller has laid down a resolution in advance to create a special civil rights committee to work continuously with other governors and the President. It is rather cleverly designed: in effect it endorses the Kennedy package, accommodations feature and all, and yet if Democrats support it the South will filibuster.

Both sides are playing politics for all they are worth with Democratic governors outnumbering Republicans, 34 to 16. Yet the Rockefeller resolution puts the majority on the defensive and they respond clumsily; they abolish the resolutions committee altogether and throw out the Rockefeller proposal with the bath.

What an opportunity for righteous GOP outrage! They seize it with cackles of joy. Rockefeller who, when all is said, remains an attractive figure (though we don't think his nomination chances since remarriage are worth a plugged nickel) leads the fray. The Democrats don't really care about racial injustice, he cries; the GOP is the real defender of civil rights.

Democratic governors seethe at this monstrous oversimplification. But they have got themselves into this fix; they get out of it only by dexterous parliamentary maneuver. They suspend the rules to avoid another Southern filibuster, and then pass a watered-down Rockefeller resolution of their own requiring the Executive Committee of the conference to make a continuing "top priority" study of civil rights.

Compliment or Dagger Thrust?

★ Tempest in a teapot? – yes, from one aspect. The Governors' Conference, which has been inveighing against federal interference for 55 years, finds the states still losing power as problems become more and more national (like unemployment), yet when the showdown comes on a raging issue they feel that they have to duck it.

Rockefeller did himself some good at the conference, as the bold champion of GOP liberalism. Oddly enough, Goldwater was injured. At a press conference, Governor Sanders (D, Ga.) said that Barry would run well in his state because Georgians considered him a "segregationist." This may have been meant as a compliment, but it was more like a dagger thrust. Genial Governor Brown of California told the press mischievously he considered Barry a segregationist, and humorless Governor Fannin (R, Ariz.), Goldwater spokesman, angrily said "No, it wasn't so!" The dispute went on with about as much benefit to the victim as an argument over a woman's chastity. George Romney, who is either extraordinarily naïve or extraordinarily subtle, when asked at a press conference whether he thought a Presidential candidate could carry Michigan who favored a right-to-work law and opposed a public accommodation law, said "no"; then next day issued a statement saying of course he didn't have Goldwater in mind. Apparently he didn't.

The High-Minded Mr. Romney

★ Governor Romney, looking particularly virile and handsome with cosmetic Florida sunburn setting off the dramatic frost at his temples, is a fascinating figure. With rigid Mormon discipline he declined to attend a GOP Sunday caucus: couldn't break the Sabbath. He walked out after a mildly off-color jest of a banquet ventriloquist. With real emotion he denounced the proposed domestic peace corps as a first step toward "inevitable federal domination." In Utah, Mormons look after their poor magnificently, and with a kind of religious fervor he feels that the states should handle their own similar problems without letting "all-powerful administrators" interfere. Washington is the arch enemy.

Other gleanings: Most governors, and even the Florida crowd, seemed to smile at segregationists Wallace and Barnett as if they were amiable museum pieces. . . . Barnett (D, Miss.) delighted a press conference by urging J. Edgar Hoover for President. . . . Virginia's Governor Harrison becomes new chairman of the Southern Regional Educational Board; Prince Edward County, Va., has abolished public schools.

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Clearing the Air

The three-power agreement initialed in Moscow to ban all nuclear tests other than those underground has afforded the same relief that must have overcome the inhabitants of the Ark when the dove appeared. Land is not in sight, but we have an omen of a clearing in the atmosphere. In our judgment, the US Senate will give its consent. Why should it not? The limited ban has been an American proposal since 1959. Earlier misgivings – the absence of any foolproof guarantees against violation, the possibility that through undetected testing the US might lose some military "advantage" – are irrelevant in this instance, since the Moscow agreement can be monitored through existing national detection devices and the US may withdraw from it if it decides US security is imperiled by tests conducted by a non-signatory nation. Certain nuclear scientists, such as Edward Teller, may claim that the US cannot afford to stop testing above ground if it wants to develop an effective anti-missile missile, but the bulk of scientific opinion is against this view, and so too, we guess, is two-thirds of the Senate.

Assuming Senatorial approval, there remains the question of how many other nations will come aboard. There are at least ten – they include Sweden, Switzerland, West Germany, Israel and even India – which are capable of making their own bombs within the next decade. If the nuclear arms race cannot be halted, some of these nations will join the club. One principal contribution of the Moscow agreement (aside from what it contributes to the health of this and future generations) lies in the probability that, having added their signatures, these other countries will have less incentive to follow France and China; having an independent nuclear force may no longer be the status symbol it has been up to now. Any of these "Nth powers" could, of course, develop nuclear weapons without testing above ground, but only under one of two conditions: if they were helped by one of the present nuclear powers, or if they were willing to develop and stockpile weapons without ever testing them – thus forfeiting some of the prestige the possession of these weapons might bestow, as well as risking enormous expenditures without being sure they will pay off in the end. Nothing in the Moscow agreement pledges the signatories to refrain from passing on nuclear information to an "Nth power" so that it could create an independent nuclear force, but discussions on this matter are to be held; and if the past is any guide, neither the US nor the Soviet Union will knowingly make it easier for

THE WEEK

3. Clearing the Air; Balance of Payments – 1; Stocks and the Public; Man on the Moon; Foreign Reports

ARTICLES

9. The Washrooms of Power by Murray Kempton

14. Civil Rights and the Congress by Alexander M. Bickel

DEPARTMENTS

17. Books *24. Art* *26. Records*

27. Films *28. Feiffer*

30. Correspondence

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others to join the nuclear club. The Soviet Union has not helped the Chinese nuclear effort, and with the pulling out of Soviet technicians some time ago and the recent widening of the breach between Moscow and Peking, the likelihood of future Soviet aid is remote.

Where does France fit into this picture? No one knows. France is already a nuclear power; the Russians understand that, but they also understand that France's capacity to deliver a decisive nuclear blow is not to be rated very high. Moreover, during the next 12 months or so, if France and China remain the only holdouts, pressure on de Gaulle to sign the treaty will be heavy. The French have, after all, already made their experimental tests in the atmosphere; the ones that remain are proof tests and might be judged expendable.

That leaves China. Peking's opposition to the treaty is well known. The Chinese will press ahead regardless, but their way is made no easier by the Moscow agreement. The foreign policy of Peking has been aimed at bringing the countries of Asia into a Chinese sphere of influence by a subtle combination of threats and promises. While reminding the Asians that China is the dominant indigenous military power in the area, Peking has also sought to present itself as peace loving and as having no desire to colonize its neighbors. A widely-endorsed test ban agreement, minus China, might go far toward destroying this image. It is as plain to Mao as it is to everyone else that Peking will not have a militarily useful nuclear force in the '60's, whether the Chinese explode an atomic device this year or next. If the first and subsequent Chinese nuclear detonations were to occur when three or four countries were still testing nuclear weapons in the atmosphere, Peking would be able to argue with some force that its tests were necessary in view of the "imperialist" nuclear programs, and were in fact a contribution to "peace."

If, on the other hand, such tests have been outlawed by an international treaty signed by most of the countries of the world, including virtually all of the states of Asia, and no other country, except perhaps France for a time, was conducting tests, a Chinese nuclear detonation might have vastly different political consequences. While Asian Communist groups and some others might still be prepared to defend Peking, a nuclear explosion under these circumstances would, in most Asian eyes, brand China as reckless and indifferent to the dangers of both fallout and the spread of nuclear weapons.

The Moscow agreement, therefore, is to the good, though it is far less than a guarantee that all testing will soon end, or that broader East-West agreements on arms control or a more tranquil relationship between all of the European powers will soon follow. Yet a small step forward is better than standing still. Negotiations on the outlawing of underground tests are to continue, and if the appetite does grow with feeding, a world starved of hope may, before Mr. Kennedy leaves the White House, have more substantial reason for comfort.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

August 10 *August 24*
September 7

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 14

Balance of Payments–I

The President's balance of payments message of July 18 marks a new departure in the Kennedy Administration's approach to economic problems. Past Presidential pronouncements have almost invariably begun with a succinct and accurate analysis of the problem, only to conclude with remedies which, however well conceived, have been drafted on a scale wholly inadequate to the problem. In the case of the balance of payments, the usual "solution" has been to imply that the Trade Expansion Act will increase US exports more than US imports – something to which the Europeans are unlikely to agree. The July 18 message repeats this pious hope – and several others – but it also offers some more substantial remedies to US troubles. These remedies, if they work as claimed, will virtually eliminate US difficulties. They are unlikely to work quite that well, but even so they are a start.

Since 1958 the annual US payments deficit has averaged more than $3 billion. Europeans agreed to cut this to $2.4 billion in 1961 and $2.2 billion in 1962 by repaying some of their Marshall Plan debts ahead of schedule, paying in advance for military equipment, and by other bookkeeping devices. But the deficit for 1963 is again running at an annual rate of more than $3 billion. There are two ways to deal with this: join with other nations to create an international bank capable of shifting the burden of such a debt into the future, when for a variety of reasons we are more likely to be able to repay it, or else cut back the current outflow of dollars. The President chose to emphasize the latter.

Mr. Kennedy announces that the government will reduce its overseas expenditures by $1 billion in the next two years. Some of the savings will come from simply

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curtailing government activity (*e.g.*, a smaller strategic stockpile, or fewer overseas bases). Others will be achieved by replacing cheap foreign goods and services with more expensive American ones. (This may add as much as $100 million to next year's defense budget, and more than that to AID costs.) Still other cuts may be achieved by the illusory device of shifting overseas expenditures from the public to the private sector.

Mr. Kennedy also supports two other schemes: the rise of short-term interest rates announced June 16 by the Federal Reserve and a tax on purchases by Americans of foreign stocks and bonds. Together, he hopes these measures will cut $1 billion from the annual outflow of private capital. Here, however, he may be overoptimistic.

The new interest rates are still substantially lower than those available for short-term deposits in London. Will the outflow of short-term capital be curtailed so long as this is the case? The principal sources of short-term capital flow are the repatriation of European funds deposited in America during the Forties and early Fifties, and the tendency of foreign exporters and importers to finance trade in the US rather than in their own country. Will the small increase curb either trend? Even if it does, will the improvement in the balance of payments be enough to outweigh the brake on domestic economic growth which most economists think higher interest rates provide? That depends on how much short-term outflow there really is. The minimal figure for 1962 was $500 million; in addition, the balance of payments accounts contains a $1 billion item known as "errors and omissions." Some experts believe that "errors and omissions" are composed mainly of unrecorded short-term capital flows; others doubt this. As a result of all these unknowns, optimists can claim that the higher interest rates will save $750 million or more, while pessimists say we will be lucky to cut the deficit by $200 million.

As for the proposed tax on purchases of foreign stocks and bonds, it looks better on first reading than on second. Long-term US capital investment overseas reached $2.5 billion in 1962 (more than the entire payments deficit) and was running at twice that level for the first quarter of 1963. Should these investments be curbed? Many experts think not. But assuming they should, the President's proposed tax will not do the trick. For one thing, more than half the current outflow of capital goes for "direct investment" – new oil wells in Saudi Arabia, Chrysler's takeover of the Simca motor works, and so forth. "Direct investment" will not be taxed. Of the remainder, about half has traditionally been used to purchase new Canadian stocks and bonds, and these will be exempt, along with stocks and bonds issued in underdeveloped countries. The tax will, in fact, apply only to new stocks and bonds from Western Europe, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and perhaps Japan. Their securities have never in the past exceeded 15 percent of the over-all long-term capital outflow. The main value of the tax will be to prevent further increases in the outflow to these areas, and while this may be a necessary prophylactic measure, it is unlikely to reduce the current deficit by more than $150 million a year. Congress may prove reluctant to enact such a complex and revolutionary measure for so small a return.

The Administration, then, is probably overly confident in assuming that the outflow of private capital can be cut by $900 million in the next 18 months. Nevertheless, cuts in overseas government spending, higher short-term interest rates and the tax on foreign stocks and bonds should reduce the annual payments deficit to between $1 and $2 billion.

The question remains whether such a cut is worth the price. That depends on what the Administration does next. If, as most economists hope, these retrenchment measures are the price we must pay Europe for new institutions for financing the remaining deficit, the price will have been low. If, as most bankers hope, retrenchment is regarded as a substitute for new lending and borrowing institutions, the "emergency" measures may become permanent and the old deficit problem will continue to plague the government. The President has been deliberately ambiguous about which course he intends to pursue. In the next issue, we will explore various alternatives.

Stocks and the Public

The Great Crash of 1929 didn't happen in a day. Stock market busts that shake a nation seem always to be preceded by market booms, orgies in speculation that draw in throngs of people with no means and less knowledge of what they're getting into. When, on May 28 of last year, stock prices suffered their biggest drop since October 28, 1929, 65 men in Washington, on the staff of the Securities and Exchange Commission, happened to be in assembly studying the causes of sharp breaks in the market. Their subsequent first report to Congress, last April, said that public speculative binges probably wouldn't happen if they weren't aided and abetted by market professionals. At best, the staff said, the recent boom that ran into 1961 and wasn't completely killed off even by the Great Break of 1962 was fed by big New York brokerage houses that didn't keep a rein on salesmen in their far-flung branch offices. At worst, thousands of small investors lost millions of dollars to operators of fraudulent bucket shops.

In their second report filed last week and in a final installment that will go to Congress next month, the 65

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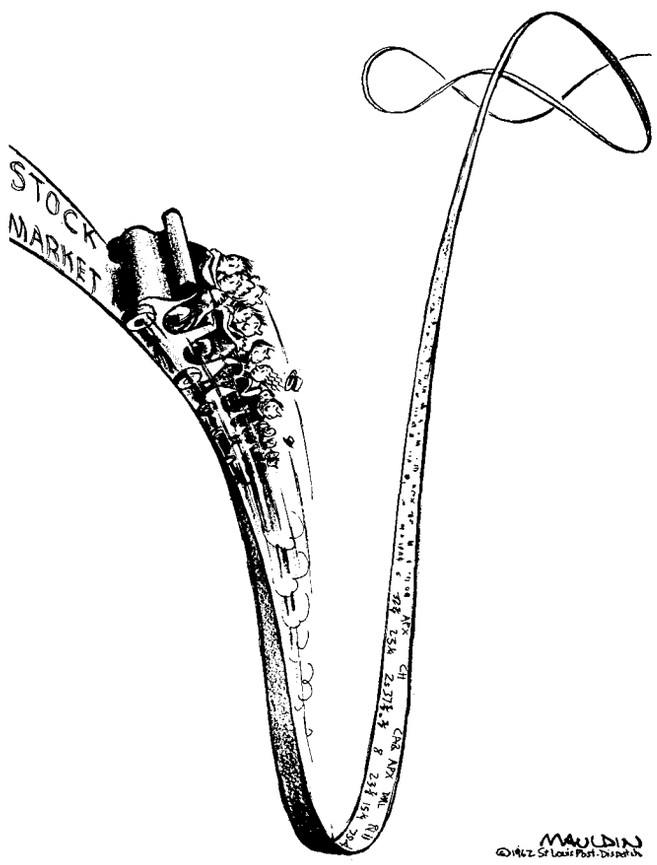
investigators are developing this theme out of the May 28 break: the public, once in the market, is caught in a labyrinth contrived and controlled by the professionals. The New York Stock Exchange emerges not as a great public marketplace, a citadel of capitalistic free enterprise, but as a private club where a tightly-restricted list of members sets the fare the public pays and sometimes runs out on the public when the going gets rough, as it did on May 28. It is a club where members' transactions for their own accounts make up one-quarter of total volume; where one group of members, known as floor traders, do nothing but trade for their own accounts with great advantage over the public; where "odd lot dealer" members, who collect a special differential for handling the business of millions of little investors who can't afford to trade in 100 share "round lots," are "featherbedding" against automation that would do away with their differential; and where specialists, more powerful even than other members because they administer the price movements in individual stocks, in some cases started unloading five months before May 28 and in others abandoned the market they were supposed to be stabilizing that day.

The Pecora investigation that followed the 1929 crash found reason to suspect the labyrinth, and the 1934 Securities Exchange Act that emerged was empowered to outlaw floor trading and to force on the exchange whatever specialist, odd lot and commission regulations the SEC felt necessary. But young reformers become old bureaucrats. The SEC in its early years made noises but it has never really used any of these sweeping powers. The commission's handling of the staff reports has been consistent with its cautious past behavior. The entire staff study of the 65 was set up under a 1961 Congressional directive addressed to the commissioners, but now the commissioners are sending the reports to Congress as staff documents, withholding their unqualified endorsement of its recommendations.



The stock market of course is only one cog in the economy and on occasion since World War II it has run a bit wild with no apparent effect on the nation at large. And certainly the New Deal securities acts, and laws in the banking and labor areas, have eradicated some of the evils and imbalances that helped make the Great Depression. But, in the final analysis, many of the built-in devices depend for their effectiveness on federal actions that haven't been accomplished. So far as the stock market is concerned, the 65 investigators seem convinced it can happen again unless the "many illusions and misconceptions which now surround . . . the public's understanding of the securities markets" are lifted.

Man on the Moon

For the first time in six years, the space program is in political difficulties. G. Brainerd Holmes has departed as director of the manned space program a few weeks after voicing the heresy that it would be foolish to squander money on an all-out race to the moon "just to get there first." Congress has not yet attained this level of enlightenment, but at last it has become skeptical enough to trim some of the extras from the $5.7 billion NASA budget. Usually NASA could count on a Soviet spring space spectacular, and the resulting political hysteria, to overwhelm any opposition to its enormous budget. But this year, as luck would have it, the Soviets failed to dazzle the world with any breakthroughs. Lunik IV went out of control somewhere near the moon; the transmitter on the Mars probe fell silent in mid-journey; and even the propaganda feat of launching the first female astronaut was marred by the general suspicion that her "group flight" with Colonel Bykovsky was just another unsuccessful attempt at rendezvous. The prestige of the Soviet rocketeers also suffered from NASA's disclosure that its tracking stations detected the debris of four more Soviet lunar and planetary probes that disintegrated after launching.

As a result, the House Science and Astronautics Committee, which has often appeared to be even more pro-space than NASA, has cut almost $500 million

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from the NASA budget, and the Senate Aeronautical and Space Science Committee is unlikely to restore it, despite complaints from NASA director James E. Webb. During the hearings on the budget, both committees listened to some sharp scientific criticism of the manned space program, which represents about 75 percent of this year's NASA budget. Polykarp Kusch, chairman of the physics department at Columbia University, testified that "the present space program attempts too much too fast. There is not enough time for profound thought, for imagination to play over the demanding problems that occur. . . . My very real sympathy for the space program does not extend to a belief that it should be the overriding national effort at this time." Physicist Philip Abelson argued that although NASA partisans claim that vast frontiers of knowledge will be opened by putting a man in space, no one has outlined an impressive list of problems to be studied. He added that "making man a part of the scientific exploration of space has two important drawbacks: it increases costs and will probably slow down, at least for some years, the pace of getting valuable results. . . . Our recent Mariner II probe to Venus cost a few tens of millions. To send a man on a comparable mission might cost $100 billion and could not be done for years."

Many scientists, particularly those affiliated with NASA or its contractors, felt that these arguments missed the point, and the debate spilled over into the press. The *NY Times* published a statement from eight scientists who defended the manned space program. They conceded that many of their colleagues believed that the scientific benefits of space research could be gained by relying more heavily on robot instruments, with the manned flight program carried out at a slower and less expensive pace. But, they argued, "the support given to the enlarged space program by the people and by Congress was not based primarily on scientific grounds." The pace of the program should therefore be set "by the urgencies of the response to the national challenge."

This is a political judgment, not a scientific one. By resorting to the Administration's familiar rhetoric of "challenge and response" the scientists are, in effect, conceding that the expensive urgency of Project Apollo cannot be justified on scientific grounds. Unfortunately the political arguments for the space race are questionable. Neither the Administration nor Congress thought deeply about the costs, risks and goals of the project before committing the nation to it. The cost and risks are breathtaking, but the only prize is the ephemeral prestige of putting the first man on the moon. Ephemeral because, once begun, the game is endless. Today the moon; tomorrow Mars; then on to Venus; then perhaps to the moons of Saturn and Jupiter. Will each race be a crash project costing hundreds of billions? Congress, for all its commendable surgery on the NASA budget, is still dodging the real issue: does the US dare to set its own pace, regardless of what the Soviets do?

William E. Boggs

FOREIGN REPORTS

FRANCE: *Protests by the Workers*

★ For the sixth year running, France is torn by farm revolts – road blocks, demonstrations involving thousands, sieges of the southern and northwestern "Prefectures." What is new about current protests is that the government has to cope simultaneously with the farmers and the labor unions. A French version of the Taft-Hartley Act has just been pushed through Parliament. Since last March, there has hardly been a week without strikes in the public services or state-owned industries, where wages are far behind those in the private sector. (Last week the Government promised to raise wages by 10 percent in public services and nationalized industries and to increase farm subsidies.)

Labor is the only representative institution to have resisted the authoritarian trend of the Fifth Republic. Parliament has been deprived of practically all powers, the Senate has become an empty decorum, the political parties have been discredited and swept away, municipal and regional assemblies have followed course. Now a member of the government has declared that the time has come "to break the Unions as we broke the parties." But the unions are well armed to put up a fight – supported by the Catholic Church which fears that a demand that it "toe the line" might come next. The growing unity of the parties on the Left, including the small but militant Catholic Left, gives the masses new confidence in their strength. Last month, for the first time, the Communist-dominated (CGT) and Catholic-dominated (CFTC) metal workers unions of the Paris region held a common press conference, presenting similar demands and a similar analysis of the situation. Another larger wave of strikes is due in the autumn.

The reasons for the last five years of farm demonstrations are structural, and little has been done to cope with them. The dissatisfied farmers are mainly smallholders fighting for their right to survive in a rapidly changing economy. As last year's census showed, a quarter of the agricultural population has left the land during the last eight years. Many of those who stayed could do so only by buying more land and equipment,

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and by changing over from crops that make the smallholder uncompetitive in regard to capital intensive methods, to crops which demand labor intensive methods. As a consequence, cattle raising and dairy farming have been soaring (with periodic fights over the price of milk), as well as vegetable and fruit growing.

The production of most fruit doubled between 1954 and 1962; production of vegetables has grown by 30 percent in four years. There are three times more apricots this year than last, 30 percent more peaches, 20 percent more plums and tomatoes, etc. But as in past years, about half the fruit and vegetables are either lost or destroyed: a marketing system dominated by speculators prevents the produce from reaching the consumer. On the farm, prices may fall below production cost at the farm; in the cities they remain high – too high for the average wage earner. This year's apricots, for instance, are sold between 7 and 14 cents a kilo to the local wholesaler, and between 28 and 40 cents a kilo to the consumer.

With the exception of tomatoes, the canning industry is another bottleneck for bumper crops. It consists of 1,000 family-owned and underequipped tiny plants. State-sponsored efforts to bring about their merger and modernization have utterly failed so far, with the exception of the farmers' own cooperative plants. But the latter receive neither help nor loans from the State, which may explain the farmers' accusation that the State is run by and for big business. Though officials say that professional agitators and subversive elements (*i.e.* Communists) are responsible for rural violence and demonstrations, the *avant-garde* of the farm movement is the Catholic-trained *Jeunes Agriculteurs*.

YEMEN: *Undeclared War*

★ There are now officially confirmed reports that Egypt has used poison gas in Yemen against persistent Royalist resistance to the Republican regime. The whole of the north and east of Yemen has been repeatedly and brutally bombed with great destruction to farms, villages and livestock.

Egyptian bombing of Saudi towns and villages is a different matter and involves the US – even if only indirectly. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent Richard Beeston arrived in the Saudi Red Sea port of Jizan three hours after it had been bombed. The whole population of some 30,000 people had fled to the beaches, water supplies had been cut off, and refugees were trying to escape to a string of offshore islands. This sort of thing gets little publicity largely because the areas bombed are inaccessible and because the Saudi government dares not make too much of it as it is in no position to defend its own population. It claims with some justification that the US, having recognized the Yemen Republic and having encouraged the Saudis to discontinue their aid to the Royalists, have some moral obligation to defend Saudi Arabia against air attack.

The London *Times* reported on June 27 that the Saudi Premier, Prince Faisal, has had discussions with the Americans to obtain air protection, but that so far nothing definite had been arranged. Washington seems to expect that the presence of UN observers in Yemen will initiate a disengagement, and that Egyptian forces will be withdrawn. This is wishful thinking. There is ample evidence that Egypt has no intention of pulling back its troops so long as there is any threat to the Republic, which may well involve a commitment of several years. Egypt might scale down her forces there from the present peak of around 28,000, but it is worth recalling that when she had only about 10,000 men in Yemen last December the Royalists were making good progress and Nasser had to reinforce his troops.

ZANZIBAR: *No Future in Cloves*

★ After an unexpectedly quiet recent election, the British Protectorate of Zanzibar has moved swiftly to the threshold of independence. The coalition of Africans and Arabs who have constituted the government of Zanzibar since the bloody elections of 1961, remained in office and Sheikh Muhammad Shamte Hamadi continued as Prime Minister.

The Protectorate of Zanzibar – the fabled Isle of Cloves – comprises the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. Their population of 300,000 is predominantly made up of the descendants of African slaves, brought to Zanzibar from the East African mainland in the 18th and 19th Centuries, and their Arab and Indian masters. For the most part, the Arabs have remained landowners and the Indians merchants. But the Africans, who often claim some Persian ancestry, have intermarried with the Arabs and the Indians. Caste is therefore less marked than it might be and, in this last election, the Arab-led Zanzibar Nationalist Party obtained many more African votes than it had expected. Its leader, Sheikh Ali Muhsin will be a member of the ministerial cabinet and the power behind the Prime Minister. He has recently purged his party of its Communist element.

Zanzibar expects to receive its independence in October, but before then it will be asked to decide whether or not it wishes to join the proposed East African Federation. The government will move warily for fear of being swamped within a Federation of Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda, its more powerful neighbors. Nonetheless, the economic incentive to join is strong since Zanzibar is largely dependent on the sale of one commodity, cloves, of which she has large surpluses.

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The Washrooms of Power

Those Anonymous Propaganda Peddlers

by Murray Kempton

Sen. J. William Fulbright has covered two years now investigating the contribution to our foreign relations made by the lobbyists and public relations men that foreign governments hire to stand in the corridors of power and importune each passerby on his way to the washroom. These are respectable men and are treated as such by a Senator habituated to treat almost every man as though he were respectable. They enter closed hearing rooms and emerge to be seen later at places like the National Capital Democratic Club with the intact manner of persons whose shame has been kept private, as any shame should be. Every two weeks or so, Fulbright releases another volume of their testimony.

Let us begin with the oldest hand, Hamilton Wright Sr., who has been in public relations since 1906. Mr. Wright and his son do not sell advertising; they sell access to news and editorial pages and to information time offered by the radio and TV networks. In 1957 the government of Nationalist China hired the Wrights for $300,000 a year to tell the American people what Mr. Wright Sr. was moved at the moment of sale to call "the amazing story of free China." The Wrights promised that, for their $300,000, they would guarantee the Chinese Nationalists $2.5 million worth of free publicity in the Free World's agencies of public information. They kept that promise in a fashion exemplary enough to illustrate the first lesson from Fulbright's hearings: *Public information in the United States has two branches – the editorial which is almost given away and the commercial which is sold.* Their worth can be compared this way: you can buy the space labeled "information" for a fraction of the price you have to pay for the same space labeled "advertising."

"This means," says a witness, "that if a picture appears in *The New York Times*, two columns wide, the credit would amount to only $75. Actual cost to buy the space at regular advertising display rates would cost $885." A one-minute news broadcast on a radio network is $3,000; and 10 minutes of public service television is $35,000. Still the consignment of the *Times* to the democratice slum of line value of a few cents for newspaper publicity is realistic and even generous, because the *Times* is ordinarily untouchable by the hand of Wright; he is estimating the value of publicity in the thousand other papers that *are* susceptible to his touch because they are ready to print and sell as information anything they don't have to pay for. This illustrates a second lesson from the Fulbright hearings: *Public information in the United States, as a developed private enterprise, has become an industry which spends to distribute and cannot afford to spend to produce.*

One solution, the humblest, to the need of the communicator to offer the illusion that he is communicating is US Press, Inc. – of McLean, Va. – "the Wellspring of Washington Exclusive, Editorial Commentary for Grassroots Editors" – which ships editorials out free to 1,500 small dailies and weeklies. "Reliable editorial commentary on national news is the basic job of Washington Exclusive," US Press explains. "This regular comprehensive news service is made possible by responsible American business institutions who pay an established fee to present timely business stories of free enterprise to grassroots Americans." US Press charges its American business institutions $175 for each editorial it distributes. One such client was Selvage and Lee, a publicity agent for the Portuguese, who composed an attack on the United States Government's position in the United Nations debate on Angola and paid US Press $175 to send it free to its list of editors. The gift, according to the custom of US Press, went off unlabeled as to source. Robert Taylor, US Press's president, sold the same service for an editorial – *Trujillo's First Era* – prepared by the Dominican Information Service in 1957.

"Conservative sentiment – the spark of freedom cherished by hundreds of unreconstructed country editors" is the jewel US Press offers its business clients. Robert Taylor told the Fulbright committee that since he cherishes that spark, he has his standards; he will take from Salazar's press agent as from Trujillo's but he will not take from Adoula's.

Thus are grassroots withered; like minor league ball teams, they exist on subsidy from the majors. In journalism, they are farms for the public relations agencies. Kenneth Downs, a Selvage and Lee vice president, noted in his October, 1962 report on service to Portu-

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gal the prodigies which Raymond Baker, one of his employees, was performing down in the farm system. "Ray Baker," he said, "is doing a lot of pinch-hitting for dead and disabled editors. . . . Tuesday we prepared a couple of editorials for the US Press Association."

A year before, James Selvage had reported to the Portuguese the triumphant conversion of a newspaper column, "The American Way," to an appreciation of the Angola crisis: "The American Way column by George Peck has a wide following in our 50 states. It is syndicated once a week to 4,077 weekly and daily newspapers. You will agree, I am sure, that Mr. Peck leaves no doubt as to where he stands and how he feels the US should stand on Angola and Portugal."

The Desk Man and His Wife

The mercenary cannot hope to write the text of his client's story and have it go out under a wire service's logotype intact. But the logotypes of the Associated Press and United Press International may be available for photographs; photographs are expensive. Hamilton Wright could therefore take pictures of the Taiwanese, prosperous yet hungry to assault the mainland, and have them distributed by the Associated Press and the UPI, which are grateful to receive for free stuff they would not spend money to mount and film. Only Hamilton Wright could offer a whole page of pictures of a diamond mine in his client South Africa, free for the glory of King Features Syndicate. Mr. Wright, Senior, was embarrassed when the Fulbright Committee made public the record of all the free vacations he had provided wire service editors in his client Mexico; but it was irrelevant to the point about journalism in America, which has come down to the figure of a middle-aged desk man who has abandoned every aspiration except two: he wishes somebody would hand him a ready-made, ready-written full page of pictures, and then he wonders if he can go on a vacation with his wife this summer. Hamilton Wright offers both services.

The late Harry Klemfuss, Trujillo's press agent, once dared to hope that he might do what no mercenary before him seems ever to have done and buy space on a wire service ticker. In 1956, Klemfuss paid Hearst's now-defunct International News Service $2,000 a month to prepare for him a round-up of Communist and Anti-Communist Activities in Latin America to be called "On Your Guard." Klemfuss informed the Generalissimo that he was buying a detached political commentary which "by deduction helps to demonstrate that General Raphael M. Trujillo is the leader of the fight against the Communist yoke all over the world." Klemfuss gave the Dominicans the impression that INS would distribute "On Your Guard" over its regular wire to all its client newspapers. All Klemfuss had, of course, was the right to distribute "On Your Guard" as a service of the Dominican Information Center, with the "INS Copywright" added to lend it a touch of authenticity.

Klemfuss had started with a three-month contract; near expiration date, INS wrote that it could offer "On Guard" for $1,600 a month and that, if the contract for Trujillo's subsidy were long-term enough, "we plan to offer it not only to our Latin-American clients but also to our domestic newspaper clients under the byline of John Martin, INS foreign editor." All record of the negotiations ceased there; INS ceased not much later.

Newsreels are even more expensive than still photographs and the newsreel companies even more shameless beggars. Hamilton Wright could produce a film on Chiang Kai-shek's reappointment by his parliament and have it distributed in the United States under the seal of Universal International Newsreel, in Italy by the state radio, in Australia by ABC-TV, and in 40 other countries including Ethiopia, British Guiana and the Sudan.

In 1960, Hamilton Wright advised his clients to produce a 20-minute film short to be called "Taiwan – Asian Showcase." "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will distribute the picture . . . under the title 'MGM Presents' (and not as a picture marked 'Government of China.')."

There is hardly any profit in film shorts any longer, the elder Mr. Wright told the Senate. Companies like MGM, since they can no longer afford to make or buy their own, take them for free ready-made from governments or private business. Their source must, of course, be disguised. If he put "Paid for by the Republic of China" on his films, Wright said, the theater audience would be affronted. Not at being subject to alien propaganda but at having paid to witness one of those commercials which, free, had already driven them from the television set into the theater.

There are also news syndicates reasonably respectable which are straitened enough in budget to take from a foreign agent almost for free something they can peddle as public information. Wright was proud to be able to tell the Chinese that Don Frifield, his $25,000-a-year writer had developed to a point where "he is regarded by US newspapers as a top authority on China problems. In order not to appear as a propaganda outlet for free China, we have arranged for Don to write on many subjects, the Far East, Japan, the Philippines, Korea, etc. This gives depth and recognition to his work and opens the way to penetrate with publicity to Free China."

Frifield composed on Hamilton Wright's time articles which were then bought by the North American Newspaper Alliance and the New York Herald Tribune Syndicate and sold to their client papers. When Frifield left the firm, Hamilton Wright chose David Roads as his

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successor in this assignment.

Roads took his station as account executive in Taiwan and Wright wrote him: "Unless you think it would hurt your HTNS and NANA releases, we can send them directly from our office using plain envelopes. For that matter, I can approach these papers directly since they have always known that Don Frifield worked for Hamilton Wright."

Frifield was a competent professional. The only sample of his copy which Senator Fulbright put into the record was a NANA interview breathing force and fire from one of Chiang's lieutenants on Taiwan. It could hardly be distinguished as paid propaganda, because it sounded like so much that is normal in syndicated American newspaper coverage, and that fact produced the next lesson to be deduced from the hearings: *Primitive cultures cannot appreciate as we do a developed economy which depends on selling products that the customer could get for free.*

Wright had increased the sound of what was already a public litany; but the public indifference to China seemed where it was. Free China must "fight back in high powered publicity," Wright urged his client: "An investment in stepped-up publicity is one of the most important phases in the battle for men's minds. . . . We are 1,000 percent sold on Free China and her cause. . . . Today the pen is still mightier than the sword."

Taiwan's conquering pen was riding in triumph over docile, loyal acres of the American press; but Chiang's sword still swept only over Formosa. Wright's assertion that the pen was mightier than the sword must have depressed his employers because, in their case, it was so true. By 1962, after cutting his budget, Free China was ready to drop Hamilton Wright.

James Shen, Free China's coordinator of information, told David Roads, Wright's account executive and syndicated China authority, that his government felt that "Hamilton Wright has let us down badly." "When we parted," Roads told the home office, "Jimmy said he was considered a hard-headed businessman and wanted something for his money."

Hamilton Wright failed, but not for being faithless or inadequate in the only skills he promises to provide. He is a man you hire to get picture space for the tourist departments of foreign states. The Wrights told the Senate that Formosa offered very little for tourist publicity; the regret seemed general.

The Wrights also represented South Africa, but South Africa felt the Wrights had neglected to explain to the uninformed the Republic's advance toward racial harmony. Wright kept running off to take pictures of ostriches and elephants. Whenever you did people in South Africa you ended with problems like the one summarized in a cablegram that came to him in Praetoria from the home office: "Suggest withholding release Verwoerd interview for some time mid or late June, otherwise dangerous juxtaposition possible riots disturbances." Apartheid, Wright claims to have told his South African commanders, is not a saleable commodity; he defined it as "hard core propaganda" stuff he does not push.

But causes *are* hard core, and so Wright could do Nationalist China nothing like the service it gets, at no cost to it, from ill-paid professionals in the *Committee of One Million against the Recognition of Communist China.* Marvin Liebman, the Committee's Secretary, has operated a string of sewing groups and prayer societies for the assistance of ailing overseas strong men like Moise Tshombe and Chiang Kai-shek. He has acquired all the peculiar skills which, in these matters, make the ideologue superior to the public relations professional.

Liebman makes it his "business in these things to stay away from the paid agent. When I was doing Katanga, I stayed away from Struelens. I saw more of Wright when he had the China account, because I liked him; he's honest and competent but he's more the tourist sort; he was always sending out pictures of happy smiling Taiwanese. He did call me that time to say that Frifield had written this piece against recognizing Red China and he couldn't place it anywhere. So I suggested he send it over and it seemed all right so we got Paul Douglas to sign it." The professional labors so painfully to get George Peck's byline that he never realizes that he might get a Senator's signature with less trouble.

Senator Douglas wrote the Fulbright Committee that he had indeed taken a draft from the Committee of One Million, "made some changes and authorized its distribution over my signature." He had understood that Hamilton Wright had prepared it, but he had not known that Wright served China's cause for pay. The Senators nodded with understanding. But then Senators know how easy it is to get them to give their names so long as the cause is close to the heart of a respectable constituent.

On Behalf of Portugal

Selvage and Lee's only visibly substantial service to the Portuguese cause on a $500,000 budget came on the evening of October 5, 1962, when the House of Representatives set aside a Special Order requested by Thomas O'Neill of Massachusetts so that he and 10 other Congressmen might speak on "Friendly Relations Between Portugal and the United States."

Selvage and Lee Vice President Kenneth Downs instructed his account executive in Lisbon to impress the Portuguese with the size of this achievement: "We wrote," Downs said, "some 20 speeches. Joe Martin, Speaker of the House under Eisenhower, for example,

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used [our] stuff without change, apart from abbreviation. . . . It required a great amount of work on the Hill to get the time allotted for these speeches. . . . We didn't pay out a penny."

But Downs gave all credit for this triumph to Martin Camacho, chairman of the Portuguese-American Committee on Foreign Affairs. Camacho, a Boston lawyer, was discovered by the Portuguese embassy and recommended to Selvage and Lee after he had published a pamphlet rousing Portuguese-Americans to save Angola. He had paid for the pamphlet himself; Selvage took him for $400 a week and the expenses for forming his Portuguese-American Committee. He would, he said, have served Portugal for nothing except that his wife said he was plainly out of his mind to think of such a thing. But, Camacho remained in essence an ideologue – he forgot to register as a foreign agent until four months after he was hired – and seems all too often to have forgotten to announce his mercenary calling to those persons he approached.

All the Congressmen in O'Neill's order had New England Portuguese-American constituents and needed no other reason to join Camacho's campaign. Camacho, Downs said, "is the one who at the last minute got Speaker McCormack into the act." Camacho then sent out the proceeding of the Special Order printed by Selvage and Lee and franked by Congressman O'Neill. The simple reasons for this complicated method were set forth in a letter to Senator Fulbright from former Speaker Joe Martin himself:

"Dear Senator: I have always been interested in the welfare of the Portuguese-American Community. Many of these people live in my district. But I know nothing about these public relations people serving Portuguese interests."

Hard Core Propaganda

We pass, in this spirit, to Senator Fulbright's next Lesson: *The American standards for an honest business have reached a level beyond the comprehension of the ethical codes of people less advanced.*

Hamilton Wright, as an instance, was at the same time the paid agent both of South Africa and Nationalist China, and just before the Chinese dropped Wright, his account executive had a painful exposure to primitive morality at lunch on Tapei with Chiang's director of information.

"The Chinese," Roads reported back, "are hurt about South Africa. [They] understand that we are not only taking pictures of wild animals but trying to show how good the Africans treat their Negroes. . . . 'Hamilton Wright Organization does not care who it takes as a client. . . . You know they have brought grave insults to the Chinese and their government'."

In Selvage and Lee, the Portuguese found an agent with none of Wright's inhibitions against "hard core propaganda" and ready to sell itself not just for an account but for a cause. Selvage and Lee's commander in the Angola operation, Kenneth Downs, is a graduate of *Time*, the State Department and the Office of Civil Defense. The other was Samuel A. Bledsoe, an older man, formerly Henry Wallace's liaison with Negroes in the Department of Agriculture. Bledsoe emerges as a well-disposed man though possibly confused by the early New Deal concept of the Negro as a purchasable article. He found an old friend from the Agriculture Department, a Negro, to whom he paid $1,000 to survey race opinion on Portugal; this agent accepted with the proviso that, if he found out he was really working for Portugal, he'd quit; his survey was completed with dispatch; it was unanimously against the product, which could hardly have surprised Bledsoe when you consider that even the pollster he hired announced at once that he would consider it a disgrace for a Negro to work for the Portuguese.

Bledsoe struggled on; he hired a Negro press agent to circularize the Negro press with pictures of Cardinal Spellman accepting a Portuguese order from the Ambassador in the presence of a distinguished Catholic Negro. He bought 10,000 copies of a *Pittsburgh Courier* supplement on Portuguese Africa, paid for by ads from companies with pieces of Angola, which instructed its audience of Negroes that George Schuyler (the Negro journalist), having gone there as guest of the government of Portugal, found tranquility. Bledsoe paid the expenses of Schuyler's daughter, Phillipa, for a stay in Angola; he dreamed of a junket of inspection by 11 Negro journalists; at last two obscure young men signed on, made the trip and came back and never wrote a word. Last January Selvage and Lee finally induced Dr. Raphael O'R. Lanier, former US Minister to Liberia to accept a trip; he took not just a trip but a grand tour; he demanded $3,000 in expenses; Selvage and Lee had no choice but to pay: "The fellow is an intelligent moderate and has sufficient stature in the American Negro community when he returns." Even Downs was impressed when he saw Dr. Lanier in Lisbon – "may prove a real big strike for us," he wrote. But then Dr. Lanier died before he could reveal the thoughts that lay behind his old world manners; and Bledsoe went vainly back to soliciting the Phelps-Stokes fund for yet another pilgrim.

Downs once called Bledsoe's efforts at appeasement "Sam's sweetness and light policy." In the summer of 1962, while Bledsoe was still looking for a Negro moderate, John J. Synon, a Selvage and Lee staff writer, was composing three articles on the truth about Africa for the Charleston *News and Courier*.

"In the South, where the Negro is inferior," Synon

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wrote, "the Kennedy Administration at bayonet point demands equality. In Africa, where blacks are dominant, Negroes are prepared to subjugate whites. The Kennedy Administration supports those who are embarked on this devilish design. . . . They have a common cause, the end sought by the leaders of the colored people, 'Negro Uber Alles'."

Senator Fulbright confronted Bledsoe with Synon's articles in May: Bledsoe answered that "those articles were articles we did not countenance or approve. . . . If it becomes known that we sponsored material of this kind on behalf of the Portuguese then the Portuguese multiracial policy is a sham and a fraud."

Still, just one week after Charleston had published Synon's cry for justice, Vice President Downs had sent out a memo reporting various phases of progress in Portugal's struggle. CBS was interested in Angola; Catholic Circles were opening up; when "Ronnie Tree gets back to New York" he would approach him to see about an appointment with Ambassador Stevenson. And, by the way, Selvage and Lee should print a new brochure "with the Synon series."

The Portuguese-American League was the only front Selvage and Lee owned; by February of 1962, it was filling orders for literature from the National States Rights Party of Birmingham and writing a letter to Senator Richard Russell of Georgia which began: "Undoubtedly you are aware of the influence Negro leaders in the United States have exerted and are exerting on African policy in this country." In July of 1962, Camacho journeyed to Tulsa – at Selvage and Lee's expense – to convey the outrage of all Portuguese-Americans before Billy James Hargis's Anti-Communist Crusade. He sent his speech after its approval by Selvage and Lee to the Portuguese Ambassador.

When he got back to Boston, Camacho wrote Billy James Hargis offering a reprint of Selvage and Lee's message. "There is," he said, "no need for you to print the caption as to my connection with Selvage and Lee." Hardly a year before, Camacho had raised his voice for Portugal without a penny in return; then the Portuguese had brought him to the service of an honest American enterprise; and now he would rather have the imprimatur of Billy James Hargis if the alternative was to confess himself a professional soldier for foreigners.

Which Damned Scoundrel?

We end up then knowing very little about the man who goes on in the same old way selling what he probably does not own. Still there are hints that might lead us to Fulbright's next lesson: *The ability to sell what is not worth buying is developed by experience in private enterprise. The ability to sell what you probably do not own is developed in government.* For example, there is the sugar lobby, which Senator Fulbright has touched upon only tangentially.

The sugar lobby sells a product one can weigh – the kindness and the exhaustion of the Congress of the United States. The members of this lobby, possibly by lot, represent nations which are bitter rivals for shares of the US sugar quota; but the tie among them is stronger than any flag any one of them flies. They meet because they have liberal tastes in all matters except in the case of such bare necessities as the choice of clients.

Their tone is set in a recollection of the sugar hearings of 1956 when Oscar Chapman, former Secretary of the Interior, was arguing the case of his client, Mexico, before the Senate Finance Committee. At one point, Senator Robert Kerr leaned forward to ask Chapman to tell him about the Dominican Republic and the state of its people, the nature of its liberties, the character of its rulers. Now Chapman represented a country, Mexico, which had every personal, political, and commercial reason to be hostile to Trujillo. Instead Chapman gave the Dominican Republic a description that would have seemed a little fulsome for Athens, which deeply gratified some Dominicans because they knew what a lie it was and were perhaps confident that Chapman did too. But one doubts that Chapman even knew Trujillo, except as a client of old friend Walter Surrey (ECA, NATO). All clients are gray; there is only the bond of fraternity whose rule is that you stand up for the damned scoundrel who pays your brother and he'll stand up for the damned scoundrel who pays you.

It is hard to say what the sugar lawyers do. Their style is like that adopted by John O'Donnell in his communications with his clients, the Filipinos: "In order to speed up . . . I have had this day introduced a bill by Senator Humphrey, the Democratic Whip." That sort of hyperbole may be worth the fee; it must set up a small country to think that it is corrupting a big one. And then there are the reports of Michael Deane (ECA, UNRRA, NATO) to his new employer Generalissimo Trujillo: "I talked today with Secretary of Agriculture Freeman." No, he tells the Fulbright committee later; he's never talked about *sugar* with Freeman. "In these communications," he explains, "you tend to exaggerate a little."

Senator J. William Fulbright seemed to think that one sugar lawyer had fooled the American Government about the size of his fee and that another had fooled his client about the size of his influence. A lawyer, not in sugar, observed: "Now these two cases present a problem in ethics. Is it worse for a lawyer to lie to his own government about his client government or is it worse for him to lie to his client government about his own government?" It is when a society reaches the level ours has that you get those infinitely refined moral choices.

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Civil Rights and the Congress

"To the Benefit of the Nation"

by Alexander M. Bickel

The initial stages of Congressional consideration of the President's proposed Omnibus Civil Rights Act of 1963 have been dominated by so-called constitutional issues. The bill as offered invokes both the Commerce Clause, which authorizes Congress to regulate commerce among the states, and the Fourteenth Amendment, which commands the states not to deny to any person "the equal protection of the laws," and empowers Congress to provide for its enforcement. But the public accommodations section of the bill, although it also does not fail to draw on the Fourteenth Amendment, does speak predominantly in Commerce Clause terms. And this has caused constitutional questions to be raised.

"So-called" constitutional issues, I said, because there are several senses of that phrase. One objection to the bill, using the phrase in one of its senses, can be flatly dismissed as without any substance. If what we mean is whether the Supreme Court would hold the public accommodations section to be in excess of Congressional power under the Commerce Clause and for that reason unconstitutional as a whole, the answer is a confident prediction that the Court would do no such thing. The source of federal power is the movement of goods and persons across state lines. In order to regulate that movement – which obviously no state can effectively do, since its power stops at its own border – Congress may concern itself with events that precede or succeed the movement and have a bearing on it. Those events may not in themselves have a primary commercial or economic significance. The evil of child labor, for example, is not primarily economic. "If there were no Constitution and no Congress," wrote Holmes long ago, the power of the states to send or receive goods across their boundaries would depend upon their neighbors. But:

> "Under the Constitution such commerce belongs not to the States, but to Congress to regulate. It may carry out its views of public policy whatever indirect effect they may have upon the activities of the States. Instead of being encountered by a prohibitive tariff at her boundaries, the State encounters the public policy of the United States which it is for Congress to express. The public policy of the United States is shaped with a view to the benefit of the nation as a whole."

This is now firmly established doctrine, regardless of how often Southern Senators deny it. Nevertheless, one may still ask constitutional questions in different senses. For what the Court will establish as a matter of constitutional power under the Commerce Clause does not necessarily dispose of all issues of principle, either for the Court or for Congress. There may be reasons of principle that should cause Congress not to exercise its commerce power at all, or to the full, or that may cause the Court, without reaching the question of ultimate Congressional power, to apply a statute narrowly and cautiously. And so it has been said that for Congress to use the Commerce Clause to outlaw discrimination in places of local, if public, accommodation is a kind of unseemly indirection, a sort of disagreeable disingenuousness, and hence wrong even though, no doubt, constitutional. For it isn't the impediment to commerce that we are really after, but the human indignity, the injustice of the thing, the moral problem. And we ought to face *that* under those provisions of the Constitution which deal with justice and with moral problems – in this instance, the Fourteenth Amendment.

Though well-intentioned on the part of many who have put it forward, this is, however, a rather amusingly question-begging argument. The use of the Commerce Clause to reach problems of justice and morality is disingenuous only if it necessitates dissimulation. But the cat has long since been let out of the bag. The true purposes of Congress need not be concealed. The Commerce Clause, as Holmes pointed out, is a recognized vehicle of national policy of all sorts. The established constitutional content of the Clause is a definition – very broad, indeed – of the circumstances in which Congress may act, not of the ends it may seek.

Granting this, it is next argued (and this roughly is the Dirksen, or orthodox Republican, position) that reliance on the Commerce Clause leads to an undesirable definition of the circumstances in which Congress will outlaw discrimination. It is going too far, the argument runs, to fasten a public obligation to forsake all prej-

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udices and serve all comers on every country store, perhaps on the local bowling alley, and on Mrs. Murphy's boarding house. There must be some limit set by a right to privacy, a right to be ornery and unmannered and even immoral – some limit on the intrusion of public policy, and especially of distant, federal policy. The owner of an establishment and of his accustomed patrons must in some circumstances be able to rely on a right to just be as they are. How homogenized do we wish to become?

This is a legitimate question. It is a question of principle. It is a constitutional question ultimately in two senses. The Court might, in some conditions, vindicate the right to privacy by adopting a narrow construction of the statute and holding it inapplicable; or it might actually hold some applications unconstitutional, not because they exceed Commerce-Clause power, but because in the exercise of all its powers, Congress is subject to principles safeguarding individual liberties. This is, therefore, a question that is not answered by maintaining that Congress has power under the Commerce Clause to reach Mrs. Murphy's boarding house – although, everything else being equal, that is perfectly true. Nor is this question answered, however, by shifting over to a Fourteenth Amendment basis. It remains the same question. Using a different set of words – and the Administration bill does use them also – will not make it go away.

There is another school of thought represented by such liberal Republicans as Senator Cooper of Kentucky and Representative Lindsay of New York. Coming at the matter from the other end, they are concerned that the commerce power does not reach far enough, or that its coverage will be haphazard, that the line between what it does and does not reach is irrelevant or even absurd, considering the purpose that is here in play, which is, after all, moral and not economic. The Commerce Clause defines Congressional power in economic terms. Granted that the power may be employed to other ends, but the disparity between the way in which this power is necessarily defined and the ends that are here in question will lead to absurd results. Congress, therefore, this argument runs, should suit its means to its ends by using the Fourteenth Amendment. The bill, it is suggested, should be redrawn so as to prohibit discrimination in all establishments that operate under a license from the state, whether or not they affect interstate commerce. The net would thus be cast at least as wide, and a rational and altogether satisfactory distinction would at the same time be taken between places that should abide by the national public policy and those that should find exemption in the principle of privacy. For its state license, which of course means state regulation, is evidence that an establishment is locally regarded as catering to the general public and as having waived the claim to privacy.

Unfortunately, and despite its neatness, this proposal is no solution. To begin with, it will be found that the pattern of state licensing statutes is easily as haphazard as any Commerce Clause classification. Morticians and masseurs may be licensed, but department stores may not be. Secondly, on this basis there would be a glaring lack of uniformity, for the states differ in what they do or don't license, both because they differ on social and economic policy, and because of historical happenstance. Thirdly, there are Southern state legislatures that care more about segregation than about the purposes for which they regulate by license, and that will undertake wholesale repeal of licensing statutes. This may in the end prove too costly for them, but in the meantime, what of the federal policy? Withdrawing from interstate commerce, it may be noted, is not only more costly, but pretty nearly impossible. Finally, the proposal misconceives the Fourteenth Amendment – both the present state of its development and its future possibilties.

The Fourteenth Amendment says: "No State shall

"I Would Demonstrate"

Senator Thurmond: Mr. Secretary, you make a very commendable, and an absolutely correct statement that, except for rare exceptions, nonwhite Americans remain completely loyal to the United States and its institutions. I agree with that, and have seen it evidenced on many occasions. However, in some instances, I have heard statements made by leaders of the Negro movement which indicate, if not outright opposition to our form of government, at least disenchantment with our constitutional republic.

Mr. Rusk: I, myself, fully understand why Negroes are pressing very hard for a full recognition of what they consider to be their rights as citizens in our society. And I wish them well in that effort. But I do not believe that we want to see a situation develop in which extralegal means become attractive to them, because they feel that these avenues to full civil rights are closed in the normal process of the law and justice.

Senator Thurmond: Do you favor the demonstrations that have been held, and would you favor demonstrations in the future if this civil rights bill does not pass?

Mr. Rusk: Well, Senator, there are various types of demonstrations. I would not wish to make a blanket statement about all those that I have known about. But I would say this, Sir, if I were denied what our Negro citizens are denied, I would demonstrate.

– Testimony of the Secretary of State on July 10, 1963, before Senate Commerce Committee

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. . . deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." *No State.* The Fourteenth Amendment "does not authorize Congress to create a code of municipal law for the regulation of private rights; but to provide modes of redress against the operation of State laws, and the action of State officers, executive or judicial, when these are subversive of the fundamental rights specified in the amendment." So the Supreme Court held in 1883, striking down a Reconstruction statute that outlawed discrimination in all "inns, public conveyances on land or water, theaters, and other places of public amusement." And it is quite clear that the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment intended to create, as the Court said, a negative power to cure the operation of unequal state policies, not an affirmative power to legislate equality. It is unlikely that the Supreme Court would now or in the foreseeable future hold otherwise, nor should it. But the reach and effect, the pervasiveness and the force of state policy today are not the same as in the second half of the 19th Century. An inn that might have been a truly private operation in 1883 is not the hotel or even the rooming-house of today that is run in accordance with two dozen provisions of state law. Moreover, quite generally, society is no longer organized in two well-defined and scrupulously separate spheres of government and private action. We are a mixed economy and a mixed society altogether. Government is everywhere; it is the body, and private initiative and action run through it like so many veins. Yet some private action ought still to remain free, at least of federal regulation, at least in some respects. The problem is which, and in what respects.

How Far to Go?

This, in modern terms, is the problem of the extent of Congressional power under the Fourteenth Amendment. The crucial point is that, when it comes to legislating equal treatment for the races, the question of how far Congress may go under the Fourteenth Amendment is in essence the same as the question of limits to be imposed on the exercise of the otherwise undoubted Congressional power to regulate interstate commerce. Nothing essential is changed by acting wholly in Fourteenth-Amendment terms, except that coverage is differently described, though with considerable overlap, and the support of a great body of Commerce-Clause precedents is at least partially lost. More concretely, one can estimate fairly safely that a Fourteenth-Amendment statute drawing the state-licensing line would be held constitutional in some of its applications, and that it would not be declared void *in toto.* But it is also likely that the Court would resist some applications, and might even hold some unconstitutional. The Court might well consider that a local bowling alley, or a funeral parlor, or the local hairdresser or even the neighborhood bar, despite its license, ought to be able to interpose a claim of privacy to federal regulation of its clientele. The question of such an establishment's right to discriminate would not be quite the same in this context as the problem of whether to uphold the conviction of a sit-in demonstrator. But it is in essence, as a matter of principle, the same question whether interstate commerce or a state license is involved, whether the Commerce Clause is invoked, or the Fourteenth Amendment, or both.

The upshot, then, is that to debate the relative merits of the Commerce Clause and the Fourteenth Amendment as sources of federal power is to confuse the issue. Both ought to be invoked, and the Administration bill invokes them both. The real question is how far to go. Congress ought to offer the services of the proposed Community Relations Service in the mediation and settlement of racial disputes without any limit. There is no coercive power involved here, and hence no need to worry about the limits of power. Congress ought also, without much thought of limits, empower federal courts to enjoin interference by anyone – by way of threats, boycotts or what have you – with the voluntary desegregation of any public establishment or accommodation. Both sources of federal power should be invoked in support of such a provision, which cannot cause much constitutional difficulty of any sort, because it is not easy to conceive how it could ever be said to clash with a right to privacy.

It is quite arguable that, while it is imperative that Congress enact this much, this much alone would be quite satisfactory, for a beginning, at any rate. Still, it would be desirable to have an affirmative provision, with enforcement powers, outlawing discrimination in a certain class of public accommodations. It seems clear that a definition of the establishments to be covered in Commerce Clause terms is preferable – as more rational and at least uniform and not subject to easy evasion – to a state-licensing criterion. As for a limit, nothing better has been suggested so far than a monetary rule of thumb – so much dollar gross business a year. That ought to leave out most places whose claim to a right of privacy would make many people feel a little queasy about applying federal coercion. As administrative and litigating experience accumulates under such a statute, we might come to define the desirable limits of federal power in less arbitrary terms. In the meantime, there is nothing too unusual about a monetary rule of thumb. The National Labor Relations Board has applied one in limiting its jurisdiction, also based on the Commerce Clause, over labor relations.

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Walter Lippmann: The Philosopher as Journalist

by Louis J. Halle

The book is the man himself, especially in the case of a volume composed, like this one, of representative selections from the work of his lifetime. Because the book is the man, and because for half a century the man has been constantly present to our nation as a compelling voice, the occasion for reviewing the book is an occasion for celebrating the man. What Messrs. Rossiter and Lare offer us here is the equivalent of those phonograph records that present to our ears, once more, voices that had moved us at the critical moments of our common past: Winston Churchill after Dunkirk, saying, "We shall go on to the end, whatever the cost may be"; Franklin D. Roosevelt rallying a stunned nation after Pearl Harbor.

The Essential Lippmann: A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy
edited by Clinton Rossiter and James Lare
(Random House; $7.50)

It is true that Mr. Walter Lippmann has been a journalist, not a statesman or a presiding figure on the scene of action. Nevertheless, only the obituary implication in the above comparison is wholly false. Lippmann today is at the height of his powers. There has been no falling off. What he writes about our present crises remains on the even level of what he has been writing for the past 50 years, ever since the appearance of *A Preface to Politics* in 1913, just before he became an editor of *The New Republic*. It continues to bear, still, what has always been his hallmark, the quality of seeing today's problems in the light of tomorrow's world. It faces forward.

I just said that Walter Lippmann was a journalist, and that is what he calls himself. In fact, however, he is *sui generis*. Of what other journalist could it be said that his work, his journalism itself, may be expected to survive as a landmark in the history of political thought? Journalism is by definition ephemeral, yet Lippmann, as this book reveals, has for all these decades been writing newspaper columns that are not ephemeral, even though they are addressed to the questions of the day.

What this demonstrates is a general principle: that the best men in any field are not to be defined by its own limits. A great physician is always more than a physician, a great economist more than an economist. (This, indeed, is the argument for a general education.)

At this point, noting that Walter Lippmann completed his formal education with graduate studies in philosophy, I hazard an item of speculation. In Plato's *Gorgias*, Callicles says to Socrates: "It is a good thing to engage in philosophy just so far as it is an aid to education, and it is no disgrace for a youth to study it, but when a man who is growing older still studies philosophy, the situation becomes ridiculous." Socrates refutes this, and the times in which he lived give his refutation proof. Our own times, however, would not give it proof; for professional philosophers today, at least in the English-speaking countries, generally inhabit their own private worlds, making no perceptible contribution to public wisdom. The study of philosophy in youth, as a part of education for the world, is another matter, and my speculation is that the best men in the worldly professions (*e.g.*, John Maynard Keynes in economics) are those who have been formed in philosophy. More important than the discipline of logical thought that it imparts is the service it renders in stretching the mind. The here-and-now, which is self-contained for the common mind, has always a larger context for the mind that philosophy has enlarged: *here* is seen as merely a point in the universe, *now* as a moment in eternity. Even in his daily newspaper-columns, Walter Lippmann has constantly seen the events of the day as Edmund Burke (his intellectual ancestor if anyone is) saw them, *sub specie aeternitatis*. This is why he has always faced forward.

Let me be more specific. Alone among the journalists who come to mind, Mr. Lippmann has the one recognized essential for greatness in statesmanship: a sense of history. He sees the civilization on whose difficulties he comments as an evolving civilization, a civilization borne forward in a direction that is irreversible. Not that he is a fatalist. I think nothing would arouse his moral indignation so much as the suggestion that man cannot manage his own future. He grew up, after all, in the optimistic age of the great Theodore Roosevelt, when life was seen simply as a challenge, a bucking bronco for men of determination to mount and master. Still, having the sense of historical movement, he recognizes the secular limits within which our advance must be kept. We cannot just move in any direction we please.

This is the place to quote from a newspaper column of November 12, 1931, and the reader will not, after reading the quotation, expect me to apologize for giving it *in extenso*.

> "It is the gift of civilized man, the surest mark to distinguish him, that he can at times see through the transient and the complicated to the simple and the certain, and that he can live by that vision, and with it master or endure his lot. It is by this gift that multitudes in our Western world are today sustained through all the disorders and disappointments about them. They know that the processes of history point unmistakably to the necessity of a world-wide organization of man. They know that the inexorable pressure of the machines man has invented, of the liberties he has achieved, of

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the methods by which he gets his living compel him to forge unity out of the anarchy of separate states. The prophecy is as certain as it was that the American colonies had to unite, that the German principalities had to sink their differences, that the Italian communes could not forever go each its own way.

"How long it will take for the prophecy to be fulfilled, no one can say. That is guesswork, and prophecy is not guessing. Prophecy is seeing the necessary amidst confusion and insignificance, and by the light which it furnishes to see more clearly how to act with purpose. The prophecy of a world moving toward political unity is the light which guides all that is best, most vigorous, most truly alive in the work of our time. It gives sense to what we are doing. Nothing else does. Without it, without the conviction that all this negotiating, and planning, and bargaining and debating is a struggle for unity and peace, it would in reality be as pointless and insane as almost daily it appears to be."

I call attention to the implicit distinction, here, between prediction and prophecy. "Prophecy is seeing the necessary amidst confusion and insignificance, and by the light which it furnishes to see more clearly how to act with purpose." More than a journalist, Walter Lippmann is in this precise sense a prophet.

This celebration of Walter Lippmann is not intended as a panegyric any more than it is intended as an obituary essay. He has his foibles, of which two have occasionally struck me over the years. One, I think, is to allow the virtue of prudence to verge over, on occasion, into timidity. The other is a peculiarly intolerant attitude toward precisely those governmental leaders in Washington who come closest to representing his own intellectual stature and outlook. He has always had a charity for the backward-looking Robert Tafts that he has not had for more shining figures. This quality of magnanimity is represented by a tribute to John Foster Dulles, on the occasion of his death, such as he would surely not have paid to a nobler or more progressive statesman – at least among those who have, in turn, been dominant on the Washington scene. The first sentence of that tribute is quite erroneous, but on the side of generosity. (Note the fact, which I believe to be subtly relevant, that Mr. Dulles was only a year and a half – Senator Taft only fifteen days – older than Lippmann. They were his immediate generation, and he has an intuitive sympathy for their kind of conservatism even when his mind, with its sense of history, rejects it.)

I have felt an obligation to say this. At the same time, however, I find an artistic satisfaction in saying it, because by an eternal paradox greatness never exists without its peculiar foibles, so that to overlook those foibles is to let the quality of greatness escape. That is why we always feel in our bones, even when we do not recognize it overtly, that a panegyric is a false tribute.

I said above that Walter Lippmann's work may be expected to survive as a landmark in the history of political thought. Yet here is another paradox, for he is an outsider to professional political science. Where are his trade-union credentials? What courses has he had in political science? What indoctrination in methodology? Does he know the passwords, the vocabulary of technical discourse by which the academic social scientists demonstrate to one another, as by a secret handclasp, that they belong? Obviously he does not.

This paradox, however, has good precedent. I cite only one example. In the early 17th Century, Thomas Hobbes – the author of *The Leviathan* – left Oxford because he found the philosophy taught there of no use to him, and he proceeded to make his own philosophy as an outsider. Who, today, remembers the names of the insiders from whom he alienated himself?

Walter Lippmann belongs to no school and has no organized following of disciples (although there are persons like myself who in their hearts wear the badge of discipleship). Worse than that, his philosophy is contrary not only to the fashion of the day, but to the entire movement of the epoch as well. It is contrary to the positivism, the nominalism, the materialism, and the nihilism that have held the universities of the West in thrall since the middle of the last century.

I must not give the impression that Lippmann has ever set down in his writings a formal body of doctrine or a metaphysical system. What he has set down, rather, is a simple belief in natural law. He has asserted that the prevalence of this belief is an indispensable basis for the progress of civilization. Now such a belief would be properly suspect if it were asserted on utilitarian grounds only, since we can have no assurance that what it is useful to believe is *ipso facto* true. On the contrary, some useful beliefs are manifestly false. His grounds of belief, however, are deeper. "There is no way of proving," he wrote in 1926, "that all souls are precious in the eyes of God, or, as Dean Inge recently put it, that 'the personality of every man and woman is sacred and inviolable.' . . . But we know each of us, in a way too certain for doubting, that after all the weighing and comparing and judging of us is done, there is something left over which is the heart of the matter." This "something left over" is recognized and cherished above everything else in what he refers to as "the tradition of civility," or as "the public philosophy." Where this tradition and this philosophy prevail, civilization advances triumphantly; but civilization falls whenever men lapse from it. Natural law is simply the law implicit in a world that exists to protect and cultivate this "something left over which is the heart of the matter."

From the earliest records of human thought, in the West and in the East alike, there has been tension between the two opposed tendencies that are respectively represented among us, today, by positivism and the belief in

Coming

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Soviet Political Satire
by Gleb Struve

Bertrand Russell Bewitched
John Mander

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"something left over." The tension was manifested more than two thousand years ago in the conflict between Confucianism and Legalism among the ancient Chinese, and in the conflict between Platonists and materialists in ancient Greece. It is an essentially irresolvable, perhaps even a necessary tension, since proof is not possible for either side, while plausibility attaches to each by revulsion from the other's extremes.

The reason for mentioning the tension here is that it is fundamental to politics. In ancient China the Confucians, believing in the "something left over," advocated freedom for its sake. The Legalists, believing only in human depravity, advocated the police-state. Again, our American Founding Fathers, believing in the "something left over," advocated freedom for its sake. The Marxists, believing that men were completely defined by their economic appetites, that nothing was left over, made themselves the principal suppressors of individual freedom in the modern world.

Walter Lippmann, as far as I know, has contributed nothing original to the philosophical doctrine that supports freedom – that is, to the doctrine in itself. What he has done is to interpret it, to translate it into modern language, and to become its most effective spokesman over a critical period that has now lengthened to more than half a century.

It is interesting to see how Lippmann began. In his earliest writings (and one article in this collection was first published in 1909) he is the young militant, four-square for righteousness, saying after the fashion of Hotspur, "Fie upon this quiet life!" – but also contending with the Hamlet in himself, insisting on the need to act even when the information on which action should be based is unavailable. He then goes through an Emersonian period, and in delighted testimony of this I cannot resist quoting the following three sentences from his second book, published in 1914: "Writers and scientists and statesmen who are forever preoccupied with their immediate reputation, always counting the costs, are buying rubbish for a fortune. The thinker who has a mortal fear of being wrong will give all that is valuable in himself to that little ambition. A mistake matters far less than most of us imagine: the world is not brittle, but elastic." (Note that this is not second-rate Emerson but Emerson at his best.)

After this, however, Lippmann quickly finds his own intellectual stride, his own style. It is a simple style, unaffected and perfectly clear. It is cool and detached. It is even in its tenor over the decades, so that it would be hard to distinguish his writing of today from that of forty years ago.

Because the present article is written out of a special sense of personal appreciation and obligation, perhaps I may be excused for bringing in a personal note. I was born about the time that the clear voice of Walter Lippmann first began to be heard in the land. From the time that I first took an interest in public affairs it was my principal guide. It taught me not only what to think about the events of the day but, more important, how to think about them. There were occasional newspaper columns that came to me with the force of revelation. I remember two that I do not happen to have found in my rambles backward and forward through this unchronological collection. One, answering Professor Charles Beard's allegation that the Constitution of the United States could be entirely explained by the property interests of those who wrote it, simply observed that those interests might explain everything about the Constitution with one exception: they did not explain why it was a great document. The other pointed out that the men who govern the United States are human beings who labor under the same difficulties as all the rest of us: that they sometimes have headaches at moments when they have to make great decisions, that one of them may be privately worried by the illness of a child at a moment when he has to present a case in public, that another may have quarreled with his wife and lost a night's sleep just before he has to testify before a Congressional committee on some intricate matter of foreign relations. I am improvising here, since I don't remember the examples that Lippmann used; but I was sufficiently naïve in those days (as are most of us) so that what he said came to me

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with surprise. I had always assumed, as most of us do, that great persons were above the petty afflictions and limitations of ordinary humanity. Later I had firsthand experience of the human condition that was then revealed to me; but if it has been a theme of what I have written since, it is to be laid (as I hereby lay it) at Lippmann's door.

The point of this confession is that, if I analyze the themes that have dominated my own mind as an adult, this is not the only one that goes back, I find, to something by Walter Lippmann that I read entranced at the breakfast table. And I report this because of the many writers of my generation (and soon of the generation after) who bear the marks of the same enlarging influence, first felt in the formative days of youth.

Later I came to Washington, and came to know Walter Lippmann personally as a less formidable person than I had expected. I found a sort of perennial youthfulness in him, although he was old enough to be my father; I found in him an intellectual generosity and sympathy that have helped me, on occasion, keep up my courage; and I also found in him the Socratic awareness of how much more there is to know than anyone can in fact know, whatever the pretences with which each of us is forced to cover our common ignorance as if it were physical nakedness.

Although much that goes on in the inner sanctums of government is not to be uttered, I shall here risk the formal indiscretion of revealing that, during the period of my association with the Policy Planning Staff in the State Department, it was common for its meetings to open with a discussion of why Walter Lippmann was wrong in his column this morning. There could have been no greater tribute. Here we were, a small group of uniquely informed men, casting about for refutations in what was, essentially, a spirit of self-defense. We paid this tribute to no one else at all.

It happens that, as often as not, I really did think he was wrong. What this suggests to me is that the actual decisions of government can be made only inside the government, where alone all the forces that bear on their making can be fully felt. No one outside can ever quite appreciate how paralyzing those forces are, how little freedom of choice they leave. (The memory of this has, ever since, embarrassed me, has even made me feel ashamed, when I have allowed myself to give my view, in public, of what particular line of action the government should take.) However, I did not always agree that Lippmann was wrong, and when I did I was likely to think that he was right in principle, at least. After all, it is the first order of business for those of us outside government to be right in principle, and the second for us to appreciate the difficulties of being right in practice.

Walter Lippmann has on occasion cited Gouverneur Morris' report of what George Washington said at a time when all the hopes of the Founding Fathers appeared to face inevitable defeat, when it appeared sure that the advocacy of wisdom would be rejected by the people: "If to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hands of God." Such a standard is upheld throughout the long record of books and articles that Messrs. Rossiter and Lare have now assembled. What Walter Lippmann represents, in this record, is the remnant that saves the majority.

Love Under Chloroform

by Honor Tracy

"I know what some would think, they would think my behavior peculiar."

The speaker is Mr. Frederick Clegg, a junior clerk in a local government office, who collects butterflies and has won a fortune in a football pool and,

The Collector
by John Fowles
(Little, Brown; $4.95)

considering that he has shut up a beautiful young woman in the damp dark cellar of an isolated country cottage bought specially for the purpose, this remark may appear to be a typically English understatement. In fact, Mr. Clegg is not referring to his crime at all. One of the horrifying things about this horrifying little man is the matter-of-fact way in which he conceives, carries out and writes about it. He does not gloat; although sexually disordered and a voyeur, he is not a sadist; he is merely obdurate and without pity or remorse. It is not the abduction itself which he concedes might strike some as odd: it is the fact that Miranda, whom he has eyed from afar and hungrily coveted for a long while, is now at his mercy and he takes no advantage of her. "I could have used the [chloroform] pad. Done what I liked, but I am not that sort. . . . Having her was enough. Nothing needed doing. I just wanted to have her, and safe at last." Elsewhere he says, "if you are on the grab and immoral like most nowadays, I suppose you can have a good time with a lot of money. . . . I have never been like that, I was never once punished at school."

It was a real crafty turn of the author's screw, to make the fellow a prig as well as a monster. Miranda too is a bit of a prig – a fey, arty, leftwing, ban-the-bomb, life-is-so-beautiful sort of prig – but with the priggishness of contentment and not of envy; and while she would never do for Miss Mitford she is a definite cut or two above Mr. Clegg. She is also involved with an older man who sounds so unrelievedly awful that now and again we almost wonder if she is not as well placed in the cellar as back at home. But she is

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pretty, young, longing for life, and her cries for mercy, her desperate little attempts at escape, the flutterings, as it were, of her wings, become unbearable as the story placidly unfolds and the terrible ending looms ahead.

Mr. Fowles' method has been to allow Clegg his say, then to give Miranda's version of the same incidents, and of some that he does not mention, and finally to switch to Clegg again, with a postscript added after he has found and read her diary; and one of the author's many achievements is the quiet, seemingly effortless creation of these two minds, poles apart yet both entirely credible in their working over the common ground.

The sheer credibility of Frederick Clegg, indeed, is little short of miraculous. He is plain, low, dull and self-pitying: he chloroforms the woman he loves, drags her away to the cellar, refuses to let her family know she is alive, will only allow her into the fresh air of the garden that she craves at nighttime, with a gag in her mouth and her hands tied together. Yet he hopes and half-expects, indeed the whole purpose of the crime is, that she may fall in love with him. He has the enormous self-esteem that goes with inferiority complex. His impotence, his voyeurism and the substitute he has found for sexual experience – whatever grisly thing it can be, for it is hinted at but never made clear – diminish him not at all in his own eyes and he even coolly observes "if more people were like me, in my opinion, the world would be better."

When Miranda, in the extremity of her terror and despair, offers herself to him in exchange for her freedom, he is shocked at the idea as well as frightened of the encounter. "I used to respect you because I thought you were above what you done." He is fantastic, grotesque, but we never stop believing in him. The character is a little masterpiece, worthy of a place in our vocabulary along with Babbitt and Pecksniff. Each nation has its own particular ways of being frightful and it is gratifying to know that, in this respect at least, we can hold our own with any. Cleggs trail dismally through English life, prudish, resentful, stifling and unattractive to the point of outrage, yet demanding love and admiration as a right – they always think in terms of "rights." No one has dealt with them as faithfully before: Evelyn Waugh did a beautiful job on Abthorpe but it was done from a height and was nothing like as fully rounded out.

There is more than just brilliance of drawing here, however, for Clegg is very much a man of our time. He is an angry and miserable vacuum. He fizzes with class hatred. He has won the football pool only to find his status remains as before, and fizzes away more than ever. He wants love and if he cannot have it he will turn to power as the next best thing. He rejects religion and the virtues along with it: humility, patience and self-denial are a mug's game, you must grab what you want or you miss the bus. Yet he clings obstinately to the wish for everything to be proper and – a favorite word with the Cleggs – nice. Over Miranda's body, despite his unbelief, he says a bit of Our Father and God rest her soul: "It seemed right."

There are many thing to admire in this first novel, and much to look forward to in future ones. There is the handling of the relationship between the two people, the long drawn-out anger, dread and frustrated longing interspersed with bouts of something like ordinary friendliness and that curious intimacy Sartre noted as existing between tormentor and victim. Another score is the way in which the fundamental goodness of the girl is agreeably conveyed, goodness being for some reason a difficult thing to make plausible and attractive. There is also, strange to say, a slender but rich vein of comedy running through it.

The best thing of all is that *The Collector* is a work of art, a work of the imagination. It both stirs the mind and satisfies it in a way that the chunks of personal experience nowadays masquerading as novels, however vividly written or deeply felt, can never do. My only criticism is that now and then Mr. Fowles seems to use a character as the mouthpiece for his own ideas, that it is he, not Miranda or her lover, telling us, "you have to be Left politically." He is too good for that sort of thing. It is early days to sound the trumpets, but it does look as if the new England has brought forth a novelist at last.

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Stalin's Trend in Foreign Policy

by Hugh Seton-Watson

A stereotype which is very widespread in Western countries is that the death of Stalin in March 1953 brought a radical change, from dogmatic implacable Soviet hostility towards the non-Communist world to a benevolent acceptance of peaceful coexistence. Mr. Shulman's new study of the foreign policy of Stalin's last years shows how wrong this is. In his view, "the greater flexibility of the peaceful coexistence policy . . . represented not so much a departure from the policies of the late Stalin era as the fruition of these policies." Stalin's essays on "Economic Problems of Socialism," published a few days before the opening of the 19th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in October 1952, and Malenkov's report delivered at the Congress, revealed a substantial change in the direction of Soviet foreign policy. Both emphasized the contradictions between "capitalist" states, which, they claimed, were more likely to lead to war than the basic contradiction between the "capitalist" and "socialist" camps as a whole. These statements were a clear directive to Communists all over the world to make the most of nationalism as a force of disruption within the non-Communist world.

Stalin's Foreign Policy Reappraised
by Marshall D. Shulman
(Harvard; $6.50)

Specialist observers of Soviet affairs did not miss the importance of the change at the time, and for some time afterwards they found themselves arguing against those who claimed that Malenkov, and from 1955 Khrushchev, stood for something quite new. But on the whole, as so often, the specialists had the worst of the struggle with wishful-thinking popularizing journalists. Mr. Shulman's book will give the specialists (he himself is of course one of the most distinguished of them) some retrospective comfort. He is able to make use of information that was not available in 1952, and he has skillfully traced the new policy, proclaimed by Stalin in 1952, back to an earlier period. He has some interesting things to say about "right" and "left" tactics in Communist strategy, and shows how to some extent both have always been present side by side. His book is well documented, thoughtful and clearly written. It deserves to be widely read.

Mr. Shulman divides the post-war period of Stalin's policy into two, and in this book deals with the second part – 1949 to 1952. The task before the Soviet leaders was to adapt themselves to "a reality in which the revolutionary impulse came from nationalism and from technology, not from the proletariat." He rightly emphasizes the overriding priority given to the development of nuclear weapons and missiles, which is of course much clearer to us today than it was in 1949. He also pays much attention to the "Peace Movement," which became an important instrument of Soviet policy all over the world. In these years the Soviet leaders were mainly interested in Europe, and this is reflected in the proportion of space which Mr. Shulman gives to Europe. Possibly he even overdoes this: there is no mention of the hostility of the Soviet government to the newly-independent Asian states, of their denunciation of such men as Nehru and Nu and Sukarno as puppets of British or American imperialism, or of the apparently synchronized rebellions by Communists against the governments of India, Burma, Malaya, Indonesia and the Philippines, some of which continued right through the period with which this book deals. Mr. Shulman is more concerned with the impact of the Korean War on Europe than with the war itself, though what he has to say of the war's origins, of its connection in Soviet minds with the American position in Japan, and of the impact of Communist victory in China is clear and to the point.

During the years 1949-1952, the Soviet attitude to the use of nationalism underwent a big change. In 1949 nationalism was a sin for Communists. Tito had been expelled from the Comintern for it, and Rajk and Kostov had been executed. The French Communist leader Thorez was obliged to state publicly that in the event of the Red Army entering France, French workers must help it. But by 1952, the French Communists were being encouraged to exploit French nationalist feeling against Germany. By this time the Communists were similarly encouraging German nationalism, provided that it was directed against America and her allies. The Soviet note of March 1952 was a bid for German nationalist support, as it offered the prospect not only of a reunited Germany but of a German army, both on condition that Germany was neutralized. The essential point about this offer, however, was that it only provided for free elections after the formation of a united German government. This government, of course, would have contained Communists, and would have ensured that the Communist state-within-the-state in the Eastern zone would not be dismantled, and that the elections would not be free. The model, in fact, was the Czechoslovak government of Kosice in 1945. But the inept response of Western diplomacy and Western propaganda allowed the myth to be perpetuated that the real obstacle to German reunification was not Soviet determination to maintain a Communist regime in the Eastern zone, but a selfish Western refusal to accept neutralization. As Mr. Shulman observes, "the residual effect of this episode was still being felt ten years later, when opposition elements in West Germany were reported as nourishing the conviction that the Soviet note of March 1952 had represented a genuine opportunity to reunify the country which was missed because West Germany had not followed a 'national policy' in replying."

Looking back after ten years on the new Soviet tactic towards nationalism, one sees some curious results. In Western Europe the Communists backed nationalism, but public opinion turned against it. Today the predominant trend in Western Europe is towards a community wider than the nation – even if de Gaulle and the British Labour Party are partial exceptions. In Eastern Europe Stalin tolerated no nationalism, right to the end of his life. But nationalism grew mightily in the 1950's, and Stalin's successors have

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Selected and Edited, with an Introduction and Notes by
IRVING DILLIARD

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"What does make Hugo Black one of the few authentically great judges in the history of the American bench? I believe I have found the answer. He is great because he belongs to a certain select company of heroes who, at various crises in the destiny of our land, have created, nurtured, and preserved the essence of the American ideal. It is interesting to look back on our history and see the same phenomenon appearing time and time again. As a crisis approaches, some man, who might otherwise remain relatively unimportant and obscure, discovers a word, a phrase, a sentence in a basic text that history and legal tradition have placed in his hands. He reads, kindles, ignites, and bursts into flames of zeal and resolution. The torch of his spirit leads first a few, then the vast majority of his countrymen — like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night — toward freedom, equality, and social justice."

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had to adapt themselves to it. Today they are being forced to allow more freedom of political choice to both East and West European Communist parties as a result of pressure from the country which was the scene of Communism's greatest victory since 1945 – China. Finally, in southern Asia and Africa, whose nationalist movements were despised by Stalin, his successors for some years achieved outstanding successes, but in recent years their efforts have been yielding diminishing returns. The greatest single reason for their failure of late has been the salutary lesson offered by the imperialist behavior of those who claim to be the most revolutionary Communists of them all – the Chinese.

Stalin's thinking on foreign policy, then, evolved considerably in his last years. His emphasis on weapons research and production provided his successors with much-needed strength, and his last doctrinal pronouncement pointed the way to a fuller exploitation of nationalism. His successors, however, pursued the policy he had indicated in directions of which he would hardly have approved.

ART

Armory Influence on American Art

In all of last season's re-presentation of the 20th Century as the past, the most valuable effort – beyond antiquarianism – was the ambitious exhibition, "The Decade of the Armory Show: New Directions in American Art 1910 – 1920." The show is touring the country in a leisurely way and opens August 6 at the Cleveland Museum of Art. It is not remarkable that the show comes from the Whitney, for American painting of our century is the Whitney's special field and was (for the founder) for a quarter of a century before the museum even existed. But it is remarkable that the show is the production of the auxiliary organization, the Friends of the Whitney.

The Decade of the Armory Show
Cleveland: through September 15
Pennsylvania Academy:
September 30 – October 30
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November 15 – December 29
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January 20 – February 23

There is hardly a museum in the country now without a Friends group and most of these are dedicated to dinner parties and to masked balls. Their art interest manifests itself in premature evangelical work among their friends ("Do you have a friend who should be a Friend?" is a common brochure title), in attempts to get some imagined wholesale rate for personal art purchases and in "Evenings With" artists as performing bears. The hard-core reality of the Friends movement among American museums is the institutional need for cash derived from Friendly dues. The Friends of the Whitney are one of the youngest of such groups and their relatively stiff dues have kept out the predominance of members who would be along merely for the social ride. Although Whitney Friends as such are new, the Whitney itself had in its early history much of the spirit that any such group would wish and that all too few attain. In the long sequence of groups sponsored by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney before the museum itself came into being, one, in fact, was called "The Friends of the Young Artists." The effort there was mutual exposure and education between artists and potential patrons. Mrs. Whitney, herself an artist, was also a kind of prototype of the ideal Friend of Art of today's institution. The problem is that the ideal is so seldom attempted, let alone achieved. Appropriately, the Whitney has made the attempt and the best indication of its success is the current exhibition, the sixth loan show of the Friends of the Whitney.

A great deal has been made, during the 50th anniversary celebrations of the original Armory Show, of how that show, or at least that time, at last liberated American art from the conventions of the sterile old academy and sterile old representation in art. After the Armory – whether *propter hoc* or not – the American painter especially has been free to follow his fancy, no longer bound like Prometheus to the dull reproduction of visual reality or to story-telling in paint. The two separate elements – visual reality and story-telling – have of course continued in our art. Story-telling, in fact, became the basis of the painting of the fifties; the larger paintings of the abstract expressionists, divorced completely from visual reality, are closer than any painting ever has been to story-telling. The painting itself derives much of its value as a fragment of autobiography. A major Jackson Pollock or Franz Kline can be considered as pure decoration; if it is considered as anything more than decoration, it is biography; the painting tells the story of the painter painting the painting, just as Sir Luke Fildes told the story of the faithful doctor. Story-telling thus, expunged from our art after the Armory Show, returned to dominate in the most popular paintings of the 1950's.

Visual reality, on the other hand, never really left our art, despite all the assurances that such was the effect of the Armory. What the new art that came in more or less concurrently with the Armory did do was to increase vastly the scope of the artist's relationship with visual reality: it greatly increased the range of things he could do with visual reality as an element in his art; and it also greatly increased the methods at his disposal for getting at the significance of visual reality by the use of his art. These two aspects of the art-reality relationship are different and both are copiously illustrated in the show from the Whitney.

In Max Weber's "Chinese Restaurant," there is a very tight composition of abstract shapes, overlapping planes, checkerboard patterns, chains of octagons, a speckled square and a passage of scalloped edges. Most of the areas are readily identifiable as at least potentially found in the environment of the title. That environment has been ransacked by the artist, the materials

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pulled apart and reassembled in a form closer to his heart's desire. We see at once what has gone on and can only admire the ingenuity of the painter. Art has emerged from reality because the artist has been totally free – in a way the academicians were not – to play with reality. We haven't, to be sure, learned a lot about Chinese restaurants, but we don't care.

On the other hand, "Yosemite Falls" by William Zorach – who was a painter for some years before he became a pioneer in the rediscovery of direct carving in sculpture – works the other way round. Surrounded by the billowing, curving shapes of foam and spray, the vertical path of the western water takes it way straight down the six-foot canvas, spreads out in a basin of stone, then resumes its plunge to end in steam at the bottom. There is no mistaking what is going on, yet the picture is far removed from any older representation of the subject, a picture by Bierstadt, for instance. Zorach has created a pattern of swelling curves out from the bright vertical which drops down through darkness; he has interrupted the drop of that vertical, then let it resume and complete. You read the picture from the top down quite analogously to the way you hear a passage of music. The experience of the painting is an experience in time as well as in colored, textured, divided space. Yet the sum of the painting, or, certainly, one of its major achievements, is that our perception is heightened of the reality of such a fall of water. We apprehend things about that visual reality that we did not before. The painter, in addition to creating a composition of curves, lines and colors, has also brought his new freedom in the use of such ancient art elements into the service of the perception of nature.

It is thus quite false to speak of the decade of the Armory Show as a decade of "breakthrough" in which the artist was able to get away from the frightful demands of visual realism. On the contrary, what the "breakthrough" of those years achieved was a widening of the artist's encounter with reality and a deepening of his response to it. Sheeler's yachts fill their sails so with wind that they seem, at first sight, to be abstractions made of purely geometrical arcs arranged in sequence; yet through his geometry we are initiated further not only into the nature of sails and wind but also into the austere emotions evoked by perceiving these arcs swelling against the ocean and the sky. Joseph Stella creates a kind of orderly jungle of curves and lines around his great looming "Gas Tank," and from this we advance in our knowledge of the city we live in, taking in at once parts of its beauty we have failed to see and parts of its dangers, too.

The difference can be seen clearly in one of the very few pure abstract painters of the time, Stanton Macdonald-Wright, whose "Synchromy in Blue-Green" is exactly that plus red, yellow, purple, white and brown and is nothing else at all except a colored object pleasurable to look at. A different but equally abstract abstraction is seen in Marsden Hartley's "Movement Number 2," an arrangement of rectangles floating in space, one above another. The painting is made with precision and shows mastery of such ancient values as perspective and mass relations and that's about it. Another Hartley in the show, "Painting Number 5," justifies its abstract title easily enough but is in fact composed of checkerboards, circles, crosses and alternating bands of colors that are readily recognized as Imperial German decorations; the design elements center on an Iron Cross. The coolness of the rectangles vanishes completely and we are

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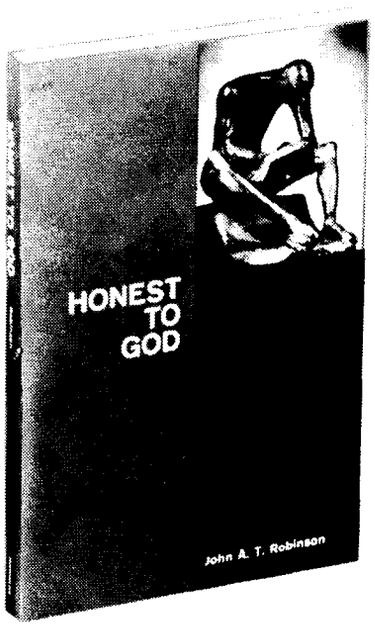

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in the presence of an enduring military reality and very specific one of the time – 1914-15 – of the painting.

"The Decade of the Armory Show" reveals the massive opening up of American painting toward a much wider use of artistic means in the endless probing of reality that is the center of the artistic purpose in any generation.

Frank Getlein

RECORDS

Recapturing Toscanini's Intentions

Asked what Toscanini performances he remembered especially, a former NBC Symphony musician replied promptly: "The *Otello*. It was immense. Also the *Aida* – and the *Requiem*. And I'll tell you one performance that stands out in my memory: the *Skaters* Waltz. Beautiful! And other things like that." Then Toscanini could play something like the *Blue Danube* Waltz? "And how!" He recalled the first rehearsal of the *Zampa* Overture in 1943: "When we went through it the first time he said he hadn't done it in years and it was fun: let's do it again!" And I remember that at those rehearsals in April, 1943 – for the program that included also the Boccherini Minuet, the *Dance of the Hours*, the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 and *The Stars and Stripes Forever* – the musicians in the orchestra smiled to each other repeatedly in appreciation of what Toscanini's taste in the molding of melodic phrase and his feeling for continuity of flow, tension and shape made of these pieces, and that at the end of one piece they applauded. The recordings of some of these performances enable us to share the orchestra's pleasure over what were among Toscanini's most fascinating and moving achievements; and two – the 1942 recording of the *Blue Danube* and 1945 recording of *The Stars and Stripes Forever* – are offered on LP for the first time on RCA Victor VCM-7001 and VCS-7001(e), *Toscanini Plays Light Classics*. But with these two one must accept again the previously-issued *Dance of the Hours*, *William Tell* Overture and *Carmen* Suite, among other things; and one must accept all of them with their sound changed by electronic reprocessing – on VCS-7001(e) the reprocessing to produce something like stereo sound. Victor has not issued the recording Toscanini approved of his 1947 broadcast of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* and his 1941-42 recordings with the Philadelphia Orchestra, contending their sound wasn't good enough; but actually those recordings reproduce the performances accurately and agreeably, and in the case of the Philadelphia recordings beautifully; and on the other hand Victor has issued numerous electronically reprocessed versions of Toscanini recordings which have in varying degree altered the sound, sometimes to the point where it is unpleasant and false – *e.g.* the blurred, blowzy sound of the "enhanced" *La Mer* several years ago, the shallow, spread-out and excessively reverberating sound from VCS-7001(e) now, in place of the clearly and sharply defined, compact, solid and deep sound of the originals. Inevitably the *High Fidelity* reviewer who reported increased clarity and solidity in the "enhanced" *La Mer* now reports that from VCS-7001(e) "one gets a feeling of direct experience of Toscanini and his orchestra which simply is not to be matched by the monophonic originals," and that "the new version [of the *Carmen* Suite is] decidely superior to that of the monophonic discs." But actually with the diffuse, shallow sound from the new records the *Carmen* performance hasn't the immediacy and impact that it has with the true solid and sharply defined sound from the original recording on LM-6026; and indeed without that solid, sharply defined sound, and *with* the diffuse, shallow sound, it is no longer really the Toscanini performance. For anyone interested in the realities of the performances, the new records are something not to acquire.

Nor should anyone interested in the real work Musorgsky created in *Boris Godunov* acquire what Stravinsky has rightly characterized as its "Meyerbeerization" by Rimsky-Korsakov. Stravinsky's term, and his statement that the Rimsky version can no longer be tolerated, represent enlightened opinion on the subject; but enlightened opinion doesn't seem to have counted with the man at Angel who had to decide whether to record the Musorgsky original or the Rimsky falsification, and who – with several recordings of the Rimsky version available and one of the original – decided to produce another recording of the Rimsky. And for me the thing to say about this *Boris* on Angel 3633 is not whether Christoff sings well or badly, but that what he sings should not be sung at all and should not be listened to.

Decidedly worth listening to, however, is the superb tenor voice of Helge Roswaenge in the early '30's – to which, regrettably, Telefunken TH-97014 (mono only) adds the fake gloss of today – in performances (all in German) of music ranging from Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* to Verdi's *Otello* and Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*.

Handel's *Saul*, which I find to be not one of his most impressive works, though it has fine moments, is paced well, on Vanguard BG-642/4 and BGS-5054/6, by Woeldike in a performance with the Vienna Symphony, the Copenhagen Boys' Choir and soloists ranging from the excellent Jennifer Vyvyan to some who are only fair. Side 2 of the stereo version has occasional buzzing distortion and noises.

And Purcell's engaging ode, *Come Ye Sons of Art*, and two anthems, *Rejoice in the Lord Alway* and *My Beloved Spake*, are on Vanguard BG-635 and BGS-5047, performed well by Deller and his Deller Consort, the Orianna Concert Choir and Orchestra and the Kalmar Orchestra.

Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins, with a slow movement whose seemingly unending progression of melody is one of the loveliest and most moving pieces of music Bach or anyone else ever wrote (and elicited from George Balanchine a progression of movement, in his ballet *Concerto Barocco*, that is one of *his* outstandingly beautiful achievements), is played well by David Oistrakh and his son Igor with the Royal Philharmonic under

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Goossens, on Deutsche Grammaphon 18-820 and 138-820. In addition Bach's fine Violin Concertos in A minor and E are played by David with strings of the Vienna Symphony. Some may prefer the more beautiful tone of Felix Ayo and Robert Michelucci and I Musici in the leisurely performances of the three works on Epic LC-3553 and BC-1018; others may prefer the more animated tempos of the Oistrakh performances.

In Mozart's Sonatas K.330 and 333 and Fantasia K. 396, on Music Guild M-40 (mono), the young Israeli pianist Daniel Barenboim articulates the flow of the music with clarity, grace and strength, except for an occasional lapse into a pallid, feeble pianissimo – for example at the beginning of the development in the Andante of K.333, where it seems to me to contradict the tendency of the phrase.

As for chamber music, Epic LC-3860 and BC-1260 offer Schubert's Quartet Op. 161 – less frequently played than *Death and the Maiden*, but one of his finest works, characteristic not only in its heart-piercingly lovely melodic writing but in its eruptions into powerful dramatic episodes and in its extraordinary perpetuum-mobile finale. The Juilliard Quartet fails to unify the first movement by establishing a basic tempo to which changes of tempo are related; and the Andante also suffers from the failure to maintain tempo. The Budapest Quartet, in the earlier performance on Columbia ML-4833, indulges in questionable retardations of the opening statements of the Andante; but this is the only flaw in a superb performance that is still the one to acquire.

B. H. Haggin

Notes on Contributors

Louis J. Halle *is a visiting professor at the Institute of High International Studies in Geneva; his books include* Choice for Survival, Spring in Washington *and* Men and Nations. Honor Tracy, *a prominent young Anglo-Irish writer, is best known for her novel,* The Straight and Narrow Path. Hugh Seton-Watson *is the author of* The Decline of Imperial Russia. William E. Boggs, *formerly with* Scientific American, *now works for McGraw-Hill.*

Women and Their Sisters

Women of the World (Embassy)
My Name is Ivan (Shore)
Marilyn (20th Century-Fox)

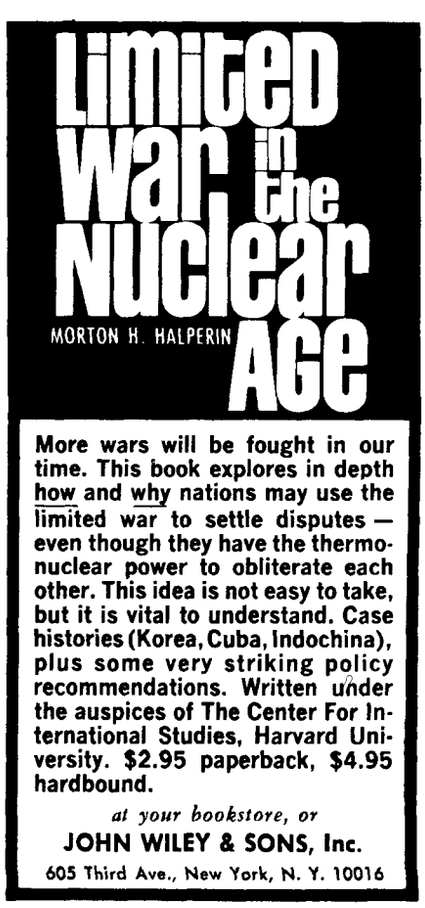
Gualtiero Jacopetti's documentary *Mondo Cane* – literally *Dog's World* – dealt with international squalor, shock, sadism. His new film, about women, might have been entitled *Mondo Cagna – Bitch's World*. This enterprising Italian, a veteran of newsreels, has, one assumes, traveled the globe with his color camera, looking for two sorts of material, the Sordid and the Female. (Not – as he and we know – that the categories are mutually exclusive.) Largely because it is more pleasant to look at undulating bellies, twitching hips, and bouncing bosoms than at decapitated bulls, *Women of the World* is more palatable than his first film, if no less sensation-hungry.

There are about 40 short sequences – anomalous, amusing, disgusting, contrasting. On an island off New Guinea the sole male is an ancient Scottish ex-colonel who has 84 native wives and 52 children. In Stockholm is the only woman authorized to celebrate mass. In Singapore a prostitutes' union holds its annual banquet. In Ravenna women line up to kiss passionately the lips of a statue. Contrasts: Riviera girls in bikinis, Chinese girls bathing in silken coveralls to ward off the sun; wealthy women in a Swiss clinic going through a six-week treatment to burn the old skin off their faces, Bedouin women treating their faces with camel dung.

Some of these sequences are obviously staged – such as the Parisian couple kissing behind the cluster of policemen. Some of them are funny and even lovely – such as the Israeli army girls picking their way daintily over obstacles in their maneuvers, then washing and dressing like brown nymphs. Almost all of them are well photographed and edited. The result is never boring though sometimes distasteful: the Bedouin beauties, the stitching of Japanese women's eyelids. But the only real flaw is the pretense – as in *Mondo Cane* – that there is a serious point to the film, when it is in fact ordinary merely Sunday-supplement journalism. To this pretense Peter Ustinov's commentary lends support.

The Russians continue to produce evidence of their cinematic deterioration. Some future cultural anthropologist (Chinese, perhaps) will be able to document from the post-war Soviet film the fattening of Soviet self-regard, the diminution of national dynamics, and – especially – the petrification of patriotic fervor into arty attitudes.

The latest example is called *My Name is Ivan*. A 12-year-old boy, orphaned in World War II, serves with fanatical zeal as a scout for the Russians until the Germans catch him and hang him. The performance by the boy, Kolya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JULES FEIFFER

EVERYBODY WANTS TO **REACH** ME. MY FATHER COMES HOME FROM HIS OFFICE WHERE HE SELLS OUT SIX TIMES A DAY AND ASKS ME WHERE'S MY YOUTHFUL IDEALISM.

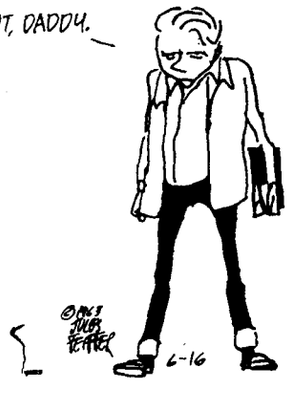
MY TEACHER WHO'S TOO CHICKEN TO DO WHAT **TRUCKDRIVERS** DO WHEN THEY CAN'T GET A RAISE ASKS ME WHY I'M NOT A REBEL LIKE **HE** WAS IN THE THIRTIES.

THEY ALL TELL ME TO **OPEN UP.** THEY ALL TELL ME TO **ASK QUESTIONS.** WHAT FOR? I WAS **BORN** WITH WHAT IT TOOK THEM **YEARS** TO FIND OUT: MAN, GO WHERE THE **POWER** IS.

DON'T GET IN TROUBLE. DON'T GET BAD MARKS. DON'T JOIN THE WRONG CLUBS. COOL IT ON LIFE TILL YOU **GROW UP.**

THEN **MY** GENERATION TAKES OVER.

LOOK OUT, DADDY.



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Burlaiev, is unaffected and affecting. But around him posture a lot of creased-face actors as consciously full of simple nobility as Soviet statues in public parks. The director, Andrei Tarkovsky, has added large dollops of French impressionist film technique, using subjectivity where it is confusing, ellipsis where it defeats empathy, and poetic reprise where it underscores nothing but his own ambitions toward art. I doubt that Tarkovsky saw Serge Bourguinon's *Sundays and Cybele* before he made *Ivan*, yet these two directors are fellow dealers in facile symbols, traders in the aesthetically obvious.

Inevitably there are some telling moments – particularly in a birch forest. But Tarkovsky overdoes them: the forest scenes go on too long, and the lengthy love episode there turns out to be pointless. Inevitably, too, as in all heavy Middle and East European works, there are occasional boring character cameos.

When the old actor appears with his whiskered head trembling and a pet rooster under his arm, we all brace ourselves for an interminable poignant vignette. The third-hand, derived quality of such films as this one and *Ballad of A Soldier*, their inability to be anything more than "movies" of one kind or another about a subject of such terrible reality as the German war – this condition would worry me more, if I were Khrushchev, than abstract expressionist painting.

The pathos of Marilyn Monroe's death was made more painful by the threnodic balderdash printed about her in serious journals. At any given moment a few popular performers become darlings of the intellectuals who see artistry in them beyond their general estimate. Miss Monroe had the dubious fortune to be one of these, and the high-flying flapdoodle soared even higher at her death. All that was missing was a repetition from Lee Strasberg, America's pre-eminent theatrical teacher, of his statement that she was a great actress.

Twentieth Century-Fox, for which she did most of her work, has now issued a feature-length film called *Marilyn*, consisting of excerpts from 15 of the pictures she made for that company. There is a ridiculous commentary, appropriately delivered by Rock Hudson, but the picture is nonetheless interesting. It dramatizes two elements in her life: the development of her *persona* by a corps of specialists and her own development as a performer. The first excerpt shows her as a member of a small chorus in *A Ticket to Tomahawk* (1949), and while Hudson tells how she stood out even then, we find ourselves wondering why anyone paid any attention to her. There is no excerpt from the film in which she first did attract attention – *The Asphalt Jungle* – because it was made by another company. But she was coached and coachable and we can see her responding to it through the decade while, simultaneously, the personality is tested and confirmed. The best excerpt included is from *The Seven Year Itch*, directed by Billy Wilder, but her best performance – in Wilder's *Some Like It Hot* – is not sampled here because, it, too, was done for another company. We do, however, see how she learned to sock out musical numbers and to mimic. In *Bus Stop* she gave a good imitation of Kim Stanley's performance in the Broadway production. The final shots are her hair and costume tests from her unfinished last picture, and they show her at her most attractive.

It would be silly to swing to the other extreme of the critical pendulum and assert that Miss Monroe had no special appeal and capability. If mere studio synthesis and pectoral display could make stars, Jayne Mansfield would be as successful as Miss Monroe, which she is not. Jane Russell is closer to physical perfection than Miss Monroe was and has an adequate singing voice, but in their duet from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Miss Russell recedes. Miss Monroe had a special sex appeal, not of the bedroom but of the back seat of a parked car; and she had humorous, transparent, mock-innocence. Skillful coaches and directors made a professional performer out of what would otherwise have been an amateur imitator of professional performers. As for her sad death, it tells nothing we did not already know about Hollywood and American culture.

Stanley Kauffmann

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Poor Housing for Poor People

Sirs:

This city planner would like to add a resounding Amen to the article by Joan Colebrook in the June 15, 1963 issue. As a sometime employee of the Boston Redevelopment Authority and a recent graduate school product, I think the news should be spread that there is probably less housing available for low income groups at present than there was in 1949 when the first Urban Renewal Act was passed. The problem is not with dilapidated buildings and low tax yields; rather the issue is how much aid can be mustered through public and private auspices to enable those people in this country who are handicapped economically, racially, or educationally to become whole. City planning is not ultimately the designing of housing units. The planner's vocation is that of indicating the implications of a range of decisions to the decision-makers, either the people or their elected representatives. We will not have decent, safe, and sanitary housing for all in this country until we have educated, employed, and happy people. The planner makes proposals; the people plan. I propose the elimination of economic and cultural poverty in this country in this generation.

Alan Demb
US Peace Corps
Marblehead, Mass.

Two Histories

Sirs:

Jackson Stanley's warm and perceptive tribute to Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment* (July 13) asks the question, intended to be rhetorical, "who knows anybody who ever heard of it?" A more significant question is, why not?

The exclusion of the Negro from American society has had as a concomitant the suppression or distortion of the role of the Negro in our history. We teach "two histories": the standard, and the separate Negro History. Negro historians, writers, and scholars are familiar with *Army Life in a Black Regiment.* They have produced works such as Du Bois' *Black Reconstruction,* concerning which Harry Hansen wrote in 1935, "No one can consider himself informed of all phases of the Negro problem unless he has read this book," and Logan's neglected *The Negro in American Life and Thought – The Nadir: 1877-1901,* of which Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., wrote in 1954 that it was "important not only for the scholar but for anyone who wishes to view the current problem of race relations in historical perspective."

P. L. Prattis, a columnist for the *Pittsburgh Courier,* wrote a year ago that "every Negro and white boy of school age should be required to read Colonel Higginson's story." Implementation of that idea would only be the beginning of a massive overhauling of American history and literature curricula and reading lists that is indispensable to the solution of the white problem.

Howard N. Meyer
Rockville Center, N.Y.

What's Up in Guatemala

Sirs:

I was appalled, simply appalled, by the superficial and supercilious quality of your editorial on the Guatemalan situation in your April 13 issue, which only recently came to my attention. "Col. Peralta has presided over repeated electoral frauds in the past" gives an erroneous impression. Peralta is a soldier, and it was his job to keep order at the elections, often a necessary task down here. He did not condone the frauds – in fact, that was one of the factors that moved him and the rest of the junta to make the coup. It is simply not true that "It was at his orders that the Army machine-gunned crowds of protesting students one year ago." If he issued any order in regard to shooting it was to not shoot. I saw that fracas. It was another incident in the long war between the literate students and the illiterate police and soldiery. Most students down here are snobs. They were yelling their usual obscenities at the sol-

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diers, and one lost his temper and let loose with his machine gun. Modern weapons are too easily triggered. Most soldiers are Indians, and where they come from, violence is the traditional solution for such situations.

Hubert J. Mangham
Guatemala, C. A.

Social Security Benefits

Sirs:

Mr. Michael Reagan asks (June 15, 1963) why "in economics or equity" the man earning $48,000 a year shouldn't pay more Social Security taxes than the man with a $4,800 yearly income. The reason is simply that they get the same Social Security benefits (with comparable dependents). This seems both economic and equitable.

What Reagan doesn't say, and ought to, is that the purpose of the Social Security old age benefits system is to provide a basic minimum of retirement benefits for all participants, with taxes (and benefits) *related to earnings.* It happens that the "earnings base" is $4,800 at present. The $4,800, intriguing and attractive a figure as it is, is irrelevant.

Nor is "equity" forgotten. For people who have had average earnings of less than $4,800 per year, benefits are weighted so that an old age income based on even the very lowest earnings record will not fall below a certain minimum social standard.

Francis P. King
New York, N. Y.

From Senator to President

Sirs:

TRB says (May 18), "Washington, under Kennedy, somehow isn't the way we thought it would be." One feels impelled to answer, "That is only because of what you expected, not because of Kennedy."

In the first chapter of his Pulitzer Prize book, *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy said:

> " 'The way to get along,' I was told when I entered Congress, is to go along.' Going along means more than just good fellowship – it includes the use of compromise, the sense of things possible. We should not be too hasty in condemning all compromise as bad morals.
> ". . . But this is no real problem, some will say. Always do what is right, regardless of whether it is popular. Ignore the pressures, the temptations, the false compromises.
> "That is an easy answer – but it is easy only for those who do not bear the responsibilities of public office."

Every "Profile" in the book is the story of a man who stood up for principle and went down to defeat. Contrast this with de Gaulle's Memoirs, where The Hero triumphs over obstacles (after having told Churchill, "I am too weak to compromise"). Or with Lenin before the first Soviet, in which he had the assembly against him at first, but won them over. *Profiles in Courage* has only one theme – that standing up for principle is admirable, but political suicide. As Senator, Kennedy presumably avoided political suicide by abstaining from a vote on the McCarthy censure. What do you expect him to do as President?

George Olshausen
San Francisco, Calif.

Symptoms and Symphonies

Sirs:

There is a good story here on the new Los Angeles music center, the toy of Mrs. Norman Chandler, wife of the owner of the lousy-rich *Los Angeles Times.* What is wrong – there are not enough music lovers in the Los Angeles area to support this $17 million music center; furthermore it is inaccessible, and only a few will be able to afford the cheapest seats – each one, with parking, will run to $5.

What's sad about the whole deal, more persons are concerned with symptoms than symphonies. Instead of a monument rising to practically one woman's ambition (the hiring and firing of musicians), a medical center should be built – but then it would not be dedicated to social ritual which, to me, is dated in this modern world. If not a medical center, then some reasonably-priced apartments to replace the slums the music center will throw shadows on.

Norman Stuckey
Los Angeles, Calif.

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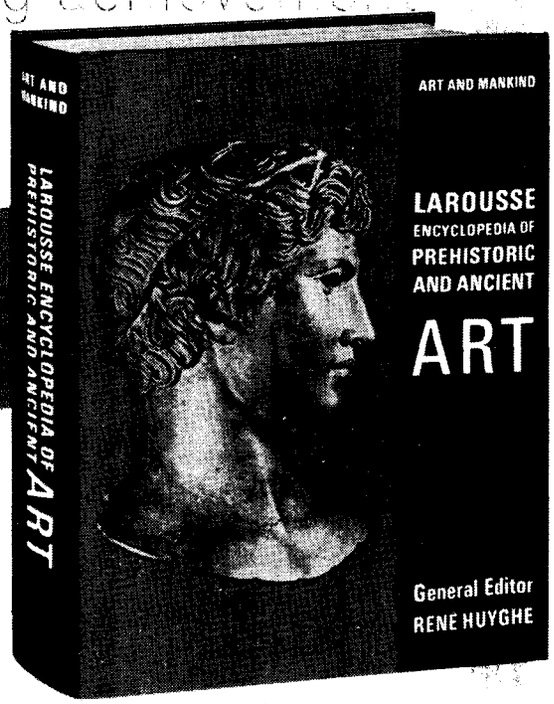

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